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# The National POLICE GAZETTE

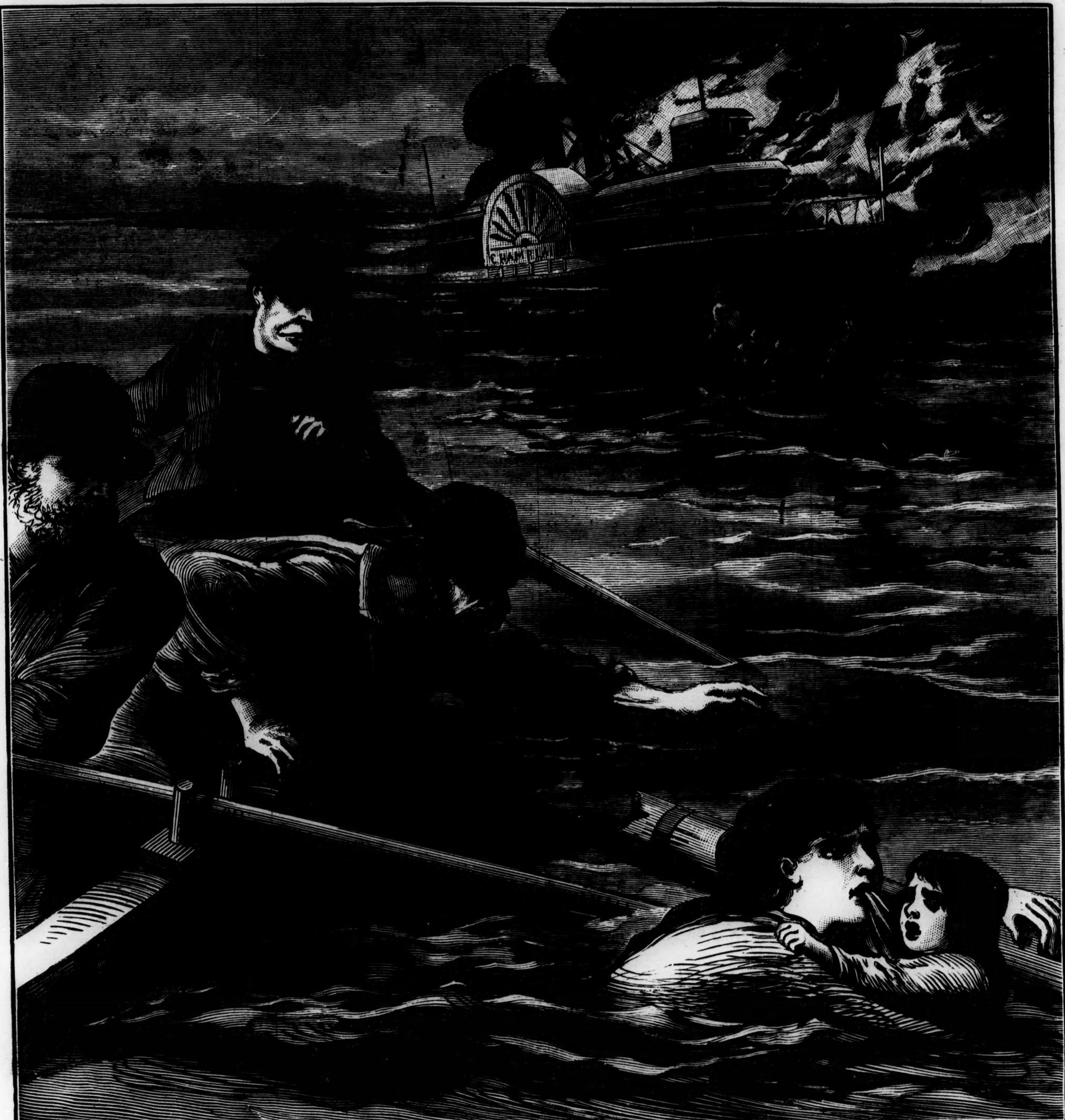
THE LEADING  
ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

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Price Ten Cents.



SHE SWAM FOR THE SHORE.

MISS MARY WAKEFIELD OF CHARLEVOIX, MICHIGAN, GALLANTLY RESCUES A CHILD FROM THE WRECK OF THE CHAMPLAIN ON LAKE MICHIGAN.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

## THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, with any other illustrated publication in America. Ask your newsdealer for the

## POLICE GAZETTE.

RICHARD K. FOX, - - Proprietor,  
Franklin Square, New York.

Agents wanted where there are no newsdealers.

## THE KILRAIN-SMITH MATCH.

On Saturday, July 2, Richard K. Fox sailed for Liverpool on the steamship *Aurania*. He took with him the articles already signed by Jake Kilrain, which, when it bears the added autograph of Jem Smith, champion of England, will be the basis of one of the greatest pugilistic battles in the history of the ring. It was peculiarly fitting that Richard K. Fox should personally carry the gauntlet of conflict from the brave young gladiator who has risen to be the champion of America to the doughty and gallant veteran who, with equal rightfulness, calls himself champion of England. For no living man has done so much to give new life and vim to manly sport as Richard K. Fox, and it is only fit and proper that he should crown his extraordinary services to the ring by personally concluding the greatest international match ever brought about.

It is only necessary to look back upon the desperate and ignoble profession of pugilism when Mr. Fox took it under his protection to realize how much he has done for it. When he began to lift it out of the muck and obscurity into which it had been suffered to degenerate, it was a subject tabooed by the entire press of America. In England it had sunk still lower, and no respectable person in either country would permit himself to be interested in it.

Ruffianism, foul play and every objectionable feature possible to conceive made it not any longer a test of courage and skill, but a brutal and invariably fraudulent pursuit. The glorious old traditions of the arena were almost forgotten and no field looked more dark or unpromising.

It is braggadocio to say, as we do, that the change wrought by Mr. Fox's characteristic energy and enterprise is simply marvellous? Look, for instance, at the space devoted by every daily newspaper in the land to every form and expression of athletic sports, but above all and beyond all to pugilism! The *Herald* and *Sun*, for example, never allow the most ordinary battle to go by without printing a fully detailed report of the event. The *Herald* and *Sun* are two of the best managed newspapers that ever reflected glory upon American journalism. What, then, does this liberal treatment of pugilism mean?

It means simply that the readers of the *Herald* and the *Sun*, like the readers of nearly every other American newspaper, have become educated to appreciate manly sport, and that those two great journals, like hundreds of others, must follow the example set them by the POLICE GAZETTE, or see their customers go elsewhere.

Take for example that world-famous creation of the POLICE GAZETTE, and of Richard K. Fox's liberality and enterprise—the ex-champion of the United States, John L. Sullivan, known at first only to a few of his fellow-townsmen, and the limited element who then dealt in pugilism—in less than one week his name, thanks to Richard K. Fox, was a household word wherever the English language is spoken.

It is unnecessary to recall how, over and over again, the generosity and judgment of Mr. Fox enabled Sullivan to prove his right to be called the World's champion. Every one of the great historic matches in which he confirmed his honors anew was made by Richard K. Fox, and all the expenses were defrayed by the same unflinching patron of manly sport.

The painful duty of relegating the ex-champion to the back rank, and the well-deserved promotion of Jake Kilrain to the place had to be undertaken by somebody, and that is why Richard K. Fox once more stepped forward and assumed the responsibility of bringing out a real champion instead of the mere animated and physically incapable tradition to which the former champion had been reduced partly by accident and partly by the action of his so-called friends. Let it be remembered, always, that it was Richard K. Fox who insisted that John L. Sullivan should nail his colors to the mast and go down with them flying, if he had to be defeated. It was not Richard K. Fox who, in the days of his decadence and loth to lose a chance of coining one more dollar out of his name, persuaded him that he had gone stale, and must never go, gasping and broken-down, into the twenty-four foot ring.

As the sponsor, therefore, of Jake Kilrain, champion by unanswered challenge and silent confession, of these United States, it was only right and fit and proper for Richard K. Fox to make for him a foreign match instead of that into which a team of oxen and the most bitter taunts and humiliating criticisms combined could not urge John L. Sullivan; that is why Mr. Fox pushed to a successful issue negotiations with Jem Smith, and that is why he sped across the ocean to personally establish the conditions of the greatest international duel of the present day.

## STAGE SKIMMINGS.

THERE WAS MORE FUN AT Dockstader's theatre last Tuesday afternoon than has been seen there since the days of the occupation of the little bandbox house by Messrs. Birch, Backus and Wambold. The occasion

was announced to be the debut of a young "society" lady—they are all "society" ladies nowadays—by name Miss Delia Stacey, who was understood to be a protege of the gallant Gen. Sherman. That veteran was on hand at any rate, and, notwithstanding his exertions of the previous evening at the Windsor theatre, when he assisted at the production of his

friend's (Col. Nunez) play, and the subsequent festivities, he was apparently as fit as a fiddle and eager for the fray. With the hero of Atlanta came a goodly following of "society" people and a few of the general public. It had been given out that a "totally original melodrama," by Ardennes J. Foster, entitled "Tom Craig's Wife," would be presented. There was, however, a difference of opinion, resulting in a highly acrimonious discussion between the star and the author in the early part of the day. Mr. Foster, like many another author before him, was by no means contented with the probabilities that his play would be properly presented, and was especially unhappy about Miss Stacey's lack of preparation as exhibited at rehearsals. He was anxious to postpone the affair, but Miss Stacey and her mamma persisted in giving the show, and they did so in spite of Ardennes J. Foster's remonstrances and endeavors, and his threat that he would flee to the forest from whence he takes his name, and never be heard of again. What "Tom Craig's Wife" said or did, or what she wanted people to understand, was a profound mystery. No one could make head or tail of the play, except that there were some "proofs" which everybody was after. But sufficient amusement was created by the disputes between Mr. Foster and Miss Stacey, a volatile young woman who told the audience how shockingly the former had behaved, and Mr. Foster thereupon got as mad as it is possible for a gallant gentleman to get with a fair lady, and replied to Miss Stacey's attack in a manner that made that young lady smile scornfully, which is a sure indication in the feminine of being annoyed. Miss Stacey seems to be possessed of a good many natural advantages, and is fair to look upon. Whether she has any ability for the stage or not it was impossible to judge from what she did on Tuesday. She was evidently horribly nervous and out of sorts, and her appearance commanded sympathy rather than criticism.

I ALWAYS SUPPOSED that actresses liked nothing better than to have their portraits tacked on to anything, from a brand of cigarettes to a patent worm-lozenge, but it seems, after all, that some of them are not quite so proud of their photographic counterfeits. Miss Carrie Williams, an amateur actress and vocalist, of Detroit, was recently invited to sit for a negative by a photographer named Tomlinson. Soon after the portrait began to appear on bottles of a cosmetic manufactured by the Acme Chemical company. The other day Miss Williams brought suit against the photographer for damages to her feelings, good name and reputation. The company will also be sued. Tomlinson denies having sold them the negative or the print. A very interesting legal point is involved as to the rights of the young lady in her own portrait. Perhaps the key to Miss Williams' modesty is that she is only an amateur. But then, there is Mrs. Brown Potter. Heaven knows that she is photographed enough in all conscience. And the Lord knows that Mrs. Brown Potter is the amateuriest amateur of the whole crowd.

Talking of Mrs. Potter, that over-advertised young woman has made her appearance in a new play in London, before a large and brilliant audience, including crowned heads and illustrious people in fashion, literature and art—drawing such an audience merely because she is in some sort a protege of the Prince of Wales. As an actress she has not the faintest claim to a position above that of "first walking lady," being no better than the utterly incompetent Langtry. Backed as she is by the world of fashion, the critics are compelled to deal tenderly with her, limiting their comments to her dressing. But what a farce it is to speak in the public journals of a performance which is attended by the famous people of London, in such a way as this:

"The dressing and carriage of Mrs. Potter are far better than on her first appearance, and she was recalled after each act. Her dresses, designed and made by Worth, were *chef d'oeuvre* of the milliner's art. In the second act she wore a handsome white dress with a fragment of a waist, the intervening portion of which was filled in with creamy lace. In the third act her dress, of an exquisite shade of blue, was cut *en corsage*, the sleeves being blue, with lace slashing all covered with bugles. In the fourth act she wore widow's weeds."

This pretentious fraud is given a column or two by cable in each of the New York papers, under display headlines, while painstaking and talented women who are on the stage for art's sake, are mercilessly slaughtered or ignored in order to display the critical force of the press. There is such a thing as dramatic art, and there are men and women who devote their lives to it; and it is unspeakably discouraging to find incompetent women leaping from fashionable society to the stage and reaping all the emoluments which others have labored to deserve.

QUEER THINGS ARE SOMETIMES SAID and done in these big variety theatres on the east side of the town—the nearest approach we have in New York to the London Music Hall. I dropped in for an hour or so at one of these popular resorts the other evening, and was glad at the end of that time to emerge from its close tobacco-laden atmosphere (everybody smokes, from the boxes to the topmost gallery), and breathe once more the comparatively free air on the crowded Bowery sidewalk without. Among the features of the evening's entertainment was a "musical sketch" by a couple, comprising a slim young man of extraordinary agility, and a stout young woman, who were programmed as "The Famous Sketch Duo." We may call them "The Beaumonts," though this was not the

name that appeared on the bills. They sang one or two songs in rather good style (her voice was far too good for that Bowery stage), then they indulged in a "dancing contest," which was wildly applauded by the crowded galleries, after which, while they were recovering their second wind, they proceeded to give an odd sort of dialogue, interspersed with brief recitations, the peculiar feature of which was that just as the point was coming of each allusion or story, a crash from the bass-drum and cymbals in the orchestra would interrupt the speaker, leaving the concluding words to the ready imagination of the audience, with whom "The Beaumonts" were evidently familiar favorites. The following bit of doggerel met with especial favor:

HE—There was a gate which had no latch,  
It led into a melon-patch.

SHE—There were two hungry colored men.

Slipped in that patch one night at ten.

HE—There was a gun—it had two triggers—

At half-past ten there were ——.

The missing words at the end being replaced by three crashes from the drum and cymbals aforesaid. The yell of delight which greeted this specimen of Bowery humor left no doubt of its being understood.

AT THE CORINTHIAN RACE of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club the other day, Lieutenant Henn, the good-natured owner of the *Galatea*, gave up the tiller to Charley Stevenson, the auroral gentleman who is the fortunate husband of Miss Kate Claxton. Mr. Stevenson is an accomplished amateur yachtsman, and entertains a devoted admiration for the cutter type of vessel. His delight at having conferred upon him the honor of steering the *Galatea* was, of course, immense, and although by reason, perhaps, of his lack of intimate acquaintance with her capabilities, she only took second place, he is as proud as a dog with two tails of the achievement. Mr. Stevenson has passed most of the time that he has been awake since the day of the race in sailing it over and over again with such of his acquaintances as he has chance to meet, and he demonstrates clearly to his own satisfaction and that of his auditors that it was the most exciting aquatic contest ever witnessed in the waters of this or any other country.

NOW THAT BROTHER IVES' POOL BILL is a "go," and everybody who is anybody puts up a dollar or two on the race-track, it is interesting to know that among theatrical men Frank Sanger and Bob Miles are large bettors and so is Colonel John A. McCaull. The latter is a Southerner, and has all the natural love for horses and racing possessed by people born below Mason and Dixon's line. No race seems complete without the burly figure of Colonel McCaull adorned by a pair of huge field glasses. De Wolf Hopper is also a moderate better at the races, but he is more of a baseball sharp than a racing man. He and Francis Wilson are to be seen at nearly every baseball game played in the city, and they do a good deal of quiet betting on the games.

HERE IS A GOOD STORY about one of the theatrical Solomons (which one, I am a little at sea about). The Solomon was rehearsing a new piece at Manchester. A rehearsal was called at one o'clock. Mr. Solomon was absent, but he turned up at night, when the following conversation occurred:

"Well, Solomon, where were you?"

"To tell you the truth, I have been to Broughton to see my wife."

"Oh, indeed! How is she?"

"How is she? Why, splendid! Look at this pin (pointing to his scarf). She is living with a grand fellow. Look at this pin he gave me."

"THE AMERICAN CO-OPERATIVE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION" has been organized in Cincinnati, having for its object the regeneration of the stage. It is composed of a number of wealthy and cultured people of the city, and if it gets through with its self-imposed task before the arrival of the millennium it is hoped it will turn its attention to the regeneration of those persons in the audience who make an intolerable nuisance of themselves by rushing out between the acts and stampeding about five minutes before the curtain falls on the last act.

I HAD A CHAT WITH BOB MORRIS the other day, and he assured me that he was more than satisfied at the result of his engagement with the *Kindergarten* at Dockstader's Theater. He tells me that nearly his entire route is booked for next season, and that the company is in great demand among managers. I have no doubt of it, the performance is a good one, and so is the company. I presume Mr. Morris will have a very profitable tour next season.

WOODEN SPOON.

## DETECTIVE SERGEANT ADAMS.

## [WITH PORTRAIT.]

Most everybody around town knows the genial Detective Sergeant Adams, of Inspector Byrnes' staff, who, a few years ago, and even to-day, is perhaps the best all-round athlete of the New York Police Department. He can pull an oar, or turn a wrestler on his back as quickly as the next one. We print his portrait on another page, which gives our readers an idea of his splendid figure and strong, handsome face of the skillful officer.

## BOSTON HELL-HOLES.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we present an illustration of scenes and incidents of Boston landlordism. They are so graphically drawn that they tell their own story.

## MADE A STRIKE AT NEW ORLEANS.

Investing One Dollar and Receiving \$1,250.

John Steelman, a well-known and popular young fellow, who is employed in the shipping and commission business at 62 South st., struck a prize in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans. It was the semi-annual drawing, and some of the rumors had it that Mr. Steelman had drawn \$25,000. Mr. Steelman, when asked to day if he was the lucky man, hesitated and finally said: "Oh, I guess not. There are many more of the name around here."

Finally, on being assured that the inquirer had not a patent to sell, he said: "Well, I may as well own up to it. I am the man who won the prize, but it wasn't \$25,000."

"How much did you really strike, Mr. Steelman?"

"Just \$1,250 for my investment of \$1. The way it came about was this: I occasionally take a dollar or two chance in the monthly Louisiana State Lottery drawings, and having a spare dollar a few weeks ago, I bought the one-twentieth of a ticket. As it was the semi-annual drawing, the tickets were \$20 each. I paid no more attention to it until I chance to see it in the papers that ticket No. 34,018 had drawn the prize for \$25,000. You can just bet I was glad, for that was the number of my ticket. I'm sorry now I didn't take the whole ticket, for I would now have \$25,000, but then \$1,250 is a snug sum to get for \$1."—From *N. Y. Daily News*, July 1.

Owing to the great interest manifested over the proposed international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, champion of America, and Jem Smith, champion of England, for \$5,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, in the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we will publish full particulars of the great international prize fight between John C. Heenan, champion of America in 1859, and Tom Sayers, champion of England.

## OUR PICTURES.

## Drowned a Child.

A correspondent at Atlantic City, N. J., June 24, writes: Last night, about midnight, a woman, who was standing on the board walk near Ohio avenue, was seen to kiss a child and then throw it into the surf, after which she fled rapidly down the walk. Some men who had observed her action ran after her, but she turned and presented a revolver, threatening to shoot them. Under cover of these threats she escaped, the pursuers lacking nerve to follow her. The Life Guard was notified, and searched two hours for the body of the child, without success. The police are investigating the matter.

## He Must Have Been a Brute.

The divorce suit commenced by Christina Graves against John F. Graves, the wealthiest man in Ottawa county, O., is creating considerable sensation. They were married in 1849. Graves' business was that of a butcher, and it is charged that he compelled his wife to catch the blood from the animals' throats as he cut them, to furnish food for his hogs. Mrs. Graves was also compelled to work early and late, and she was even knocked down and beaten if Graves was not satisfied. Her doctor testifies that she is suffering from eczema and a varicose ulcer, and that she is unable to stand on her feet. The family is the most influential in the county.

## Women in the Ring.

A special from Pittsburg, June 24, says: Two amazons named Mary Weidman and Nellie Dugan settled a dispute in a room over a Fourth avenue saloon at a late hour last night, in the regulation bare-knuckle knock-out style, the fight lasting through four rounds. Marquis of Queensberry rules. Four men and two female friends of the combatants were the only witnesses. After considerable clawing and reckles slugging, Weidman landed again on Dugan's eye with a straight arm blow and knocked her clear off her feet. The blow settled her, and Weidman was declared the winner. It was some time before Dugan fully recovered and her face presented quite a sorry sight. Weidman was also marked up considerably.

## Hugged His Girl in Church.

Prosecuting Attorney Gwartney was called to Heth township, Indiana, the other day to assist in a very novel case. Wm. Conlee and a young lady named Wiseman attended church in that township one Sunday evening, and, as is alleged, acted in a manner entirely unbecoming the occasion. The charge against Conlee is that he put his arms around the fair Miss Wiseman during services and caressed her until the congregation became disgusted. The case was continued until after harvest, so that a jury could be impaneled without discommuning the farmers. Miss Wiseman says that she regards it "a very little thing to make so much fuss about." The charge was preferred against Conlee by the deacons of the church.

## A Drunken Ropewalker.

Ste Peer, a local celebrity, who outdid Blond in in daring feats around Niagara and recently crossed on a five-eighths' inch cable, is dead. Ever since he did the daring act he has been drinking very hard. The evening of June 28, at 7:30, Peer went out unobserved with John Gillespie and a stranger, and later was seen in the same company near his rope. As he did not show up by 8:30, and no trace of him could be discovered elsewhere, it was concluded that he must have got on his rope and fallen from it or tumbled over the bank, and ropes and lanterns were procured, and Peer's brother, with another man, was lowered down, and near the bottom of the incline found his lifeless body badly cut around the head. There was a large gash leading from the nose over the top of the head, so that his brains exuded, and death must have been instantaneous.

Strange Scene at a College Commencement.

A strange scene was witnessed at Buchtel College, Akron, O., June 24, in connection with the fifteenth annual commencement. Since his illness it has been Mr. Buchtel's constantly-expressed desire to attend the exercises, commencement always being held in the college chapel in the fifth floor of the building. To the college boys who are raising \$5,000 to build a gymnasium he made a proposition a few days ago that he would give \$1,000 to a gymnasium if they would get him up to the chapel. The offer was accepted, and in the morning the Buchtel Cadets, the college military organization, marched in uniform to Mr. Buchtel's house to escort him to the college. He was put in an invalid's chair and set in a carriage expressly prepared for the occasion. Arriving at the college six stalwart collegians lifted the chair from the carriage, and then, with the aid of three skids passed under the chair, began an arduous ascent amid cheers from college boys and waving of handkerchiefs from college girls who crowded the halls.

## Racing by Lantern Light.

The Chicago *News* says, June 27

## THIS WICKED WORLD.

amples of Man's Duplicity  
and Woman's Worse  
Than Weakness.



Ida Wending.

Berning, the son of a wealthy and respectable man whose home was in St. Louis, Mo., shot and killed his wife, Ida Wending, or Godfrey, in Louisville, Ky., the other day. He then put the revolver to his head and crooked himself with his first shot. He used to have been madly jealous of his wife, whose name he had ruined by his downward career. Berning is known in Louisville as a skillful faro dealer and man around town, always ready for any queer game.

## ROAST PORK BY WHOLESALE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Elsewhere we illustrate the great hog roast which occurred recently at Armour's Packing House, Chicago.

## EXPLOSION IN A MILLINERY STORE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Rutland, Vt., June 30, says: A terrible explosion occurred here early this morning in Miss Sullivan's millinery store. She entered the store and struck a match, when the gas, which had filled the room from a leak in the pipe, exploded with a loud report. The explosion blew Miss Sullivan into the street, seriously injuring her. Fred Turrill, who was sweeping the sidewalk on the other side of the street, was thrown down and badly cut on the head. Plate glass windows to the number of twenty-five on both sides of the street were shattered. The loss is several thousand dollars.

## A CLOSE SHOT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Kansas City, Mo., June 27, says: Yesterday, in the vicinity of McGee's chapel, near the village of Sedalia, a young lady named Laura Close shot a young farmer named Wm. Walter, who was ploughing in a field. She missed her mark and did not try another shot. Miss Close is the daughter of Thomas Jose, a well-to-do farmer. She claims that Walter has filled with her affections under promise of marriage and placed her in a very embarrassing position. Walter was married some time ago to an estimable young man of Eldorado Springs, Mo. He is a farmer and fairly well off. Miss Close has not been arrested and there is no likelihood that she will be.

## MRS. WILLIAMS SHOOTS THE HIRED MAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Waterbury, Conn., June 30, says: A woman in the employ of Henry Williams, a farmer near Waterbury, told Mrs. Williams on Tuesday, in the presence of her husband, that he was going away. He left his husband a debt, and when he tried to take away his bag of clothing Mrs. Williams had a tussle with him. The man succeeded in getting possession of the clothing. Then Mrs. Williams seized a shotgun and fired at the Swede, filling his shoulder and neck with shot. The firing was at such range that some of the shot went through into his mouth. He made his way to a house a mile distant, and told his story. The doctor who examined the wounds says there is little chance for his recovery. The wounded man was taken back to Mr. Williams's house. Mrs. Williams says she acted partly in self-defence. She has not been arrested.

## A GHOST ON A BICYCLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Marshall J. Bailey, a member of the Century Wheelmen's club, of Philadelphia, had a strangely weird experience a few nights ago while coming back on his wheel from West Chester, where he had been spending the afternoon and evening.

He had proceeded about half-way through a dense wood when he was startled by a ghostlike figure which seemed to rise up from the roadside and start in pursuit of him. It tripped his wheel and upset him.

Fortunately for him, he landed in a ditch by the roadside in which there was water and soft mud, and thus escaped breaking his neck. Muddy, bedraggled and half-stunned, he crawled out and looked about him. To his surprise and horror he saw, not half a dozen yards distant, the spectral figure mounting his wheel. Before he could recover from the shock which his conjunction with the shock of his fall had given him, he saw the ghost take a firm seat upon the saddle and go gliding down the turnpike.

## IMPALED HIMSELF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sgt. James Coghlan, of the United States army, of the New York Journal, was transferred six weeks ago from the military post at Sackett's Harbor to Fort

Hamilton. On Tuesday evening he made a desperate effort to kill himself. The wound, which he inflicted in a peculiar manner, will probably prove fatal.

The garrison had its usual dress parade Tuesday afternoon. Coghlan took his place in the ranks and appeared to be in better shape than for the last day or two. When the dismissal was ordered he hurried to his room and, seizing a bayonet, placed the butt against the wall. He then threw the weight of his body upon the keen point.

The weapon penetrated his left breast within a few inches of his heart. It passed completely through the left lung, making a ghastly wound. He pulled the blade out himself and fell upon the floor, where he was found a few minutes later lying in a pool of blood by one of his comrades.

The sergeant is a man of handsome appearance and a proficient soldier. He is thirty-five years of age. It is said his mind had become unbalanced.

## POLICE USE THEIR PISTOLS.

Rioting Laborers on Strike Succumb to Shots Only.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At Rochester, N. Y., June 27, there was a bloody encounter between the police and striking laborers. At a preconcerted signal that morning every laborer who belongs to the Laborers' Union—some 1,500 in number—quitted work. Soon afterward gangs of laborers and Italiots who had been chiefly instrumental in organizing the strike, started out on a tour among buildings and street improvements where non-union laborers were employed, intending to drive those employed away from their work. In two or three places they were repulsed with stones and shovels and some of them got broken heads.

About fifteen of these intimidators went in a body to where McConnell & Jones, contractors, had a gang of men working in a sewer in Gorham street. The foreman ordered them away, but instead of going they started to get down into the sewer. The engineer then quickly connected a hose with his engine used in steam drilling and gave the delegation a bath of hot water, which quickly dispersed them. The police had by this time been summoned, and the night men were called from their home and squads were sent to various parts of the city. They had no difficulty in keeping order until just before five o'clock, when a squad of ten, under command of Lieutenant McDermott, ordered the intimidators, numbering 200 in number, away from Gorham street, where they had gathered to drive away laborers engaged in excavating for the pavement. Instead of moving off the mob commenced hurling rocks at the officers. The stones had been taken from the street and were piled up on each side within convenient reach of the rioters.

The police had been armed with long, heavy revolvers especially for such an emergency, and with the first shower of stones came an order from Lieutenant McDermott to fire. The officers did not shoot into the air, but sent good sized bullets into the crowd. Eight officers emptied their five-shooters, and it is estimated that a dozen Mecklenbergers were mowed down. The exact number shot cannot be learned, because as fast as they fell they were carried away by their friends and secreted. The report is that two of them were mortally hurt and that others are seriously wounded. When they realized that the police meant business they fled from the battlefield in confusion, jumping over fences and hiding in outbuildings, and three policemen, Burns, Moran and Sullivan, were badly cut about the head and face with the missiles thrown, and several others, including Lieutenant Allen, who were in the fight, received bad bruises on the body.

## DID IT HERSELF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our St. Louis, Mo., correspondent, June 25, writes: Annie Kolkhorst, a servant girl in the employ of Alex. Gier's family, on Gamble street, was discovered gagged and unconscious in the woodshed in the rear of the residence last night. A doctor was summoned and the girl restored to consciousness. Her story was that she was cutting kindling wood in the shed when she was seized from behind by a man, a rag gag thrust into her mouth and a cloth bound over her eyes. She recollects nothing further until restored to consciousness. This morning information was obtained from her which leads to the belief that the gag and bandage were tied on by herself during an epileptic or hysterical attack. She is subject to such attacks and with them hallucinations. Several years ago a farmer to whom she was engaged in Montgomery county, Illinois, was shot and killed by a man who claimed to have been hired to do the deed by her lover's rival, a horse-trader. She believes that the latter is still trying to kidnap her. She imagines that she has seen him several times since she came to the city, and that he always appeared to be shadowing her. The Gier family give her an excellent character for honesty and truthfulness, and the doctors diagnose the case as one of unconscious action and hallucination. There was no evidence on the girl's person of any effort to injure her.

## JOHN C. RICE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This artist, whose portrait appears in this issue, is of Swedish origin and distantly related to Christine Neilson. Mr. Rice began his histrionic career as a singer and dancer with the San Francisco Minstrels. After becoming one of the bright lights of that illustrious band, Rice made a tour of Europe, and success followed success, until finally he met Geo. S. Knight in London, who prevailed upon him to adopt light comedy, which he accordingly did. Knight engaged him for "Over the Garden Wall," to succeed Bob Graham, and from the first night Rice was an unequivocal hit. During this engagement he met Geo. W. Monroe, the young Irish comedian, who made the big hit as the stupid servant girl in "Over the Garden Wall," and a warm friendship ripened into a business co-partnership. Rice is a comedian of the airy, silky nature. He touches us with a feather, and we roar. He sings and dances exquisitely, and, like Scanlan, his gracefulness has made him a favorite with "divine woman." The school from which Dixey and Wilson graduated has sent forth many candidates for stellar honors, but none among that many is so promising and conspicuous as John C. Rice and his partner, George W. Monroe. Their comedy, "My Aunt Bridget," by Scott Marble, is the most ridiculously funny and artistically musical of any of the later-day brood of the farce comedies.

## MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Jeffersonville, Ind., June 27, says: One of the most mysterious shooting affairs, resulting

in the death of Miss Bessie Aldrich, a young lady of eighteen years of age, occurred on Missouri avenue and Sixth street about 1 o'clock last night. George Jeckel, a machinist of New Albany, was visiting Miss Aldrich last night, the parents of the girl retiring about 10 o'clock, leaving them in the parlor. About 11 o'clock the report of a pistol was heard, and when the family was aroused Miss Bessie was found lying on the floor with a pistol shot wound in her left temple and Jeckel bending over her. Jeckel stated that he was reclining upon the lounge and had fallen asleep, and the first he knew of the transaction was being awakened by the report of the pistol. He claims that the girl took the pistol from his pocket while he was sleeping and shot herself. Jeckel gave himself up, and was seen in the county jail weeping bitterly. The girl remained in an unconscious condition until 5 o'clock in the morning, when she died.

## RACED FOR REVENGE.

Sensational Scene at the Minnesota Transfer, at Minneapolis, Minn.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

People who reside in the neighborhood of the Minnesota Transfer were spectators of an unusual occurrence the other day.

Shortly after noon a single buggy, containing a gentleman and a lady and driven at an easy gait, passed the Stock Exchange. The buggy came from the direction of Minneapolis, on the University road. The young man was dressed in a fashionable summer suit. A white plug hat covered his head. The young woman who accompanied him was exceedingly pretty and of refined appearance. There was a look of anxiety on the faces of the couple as they drove past. The young man would turn round in his seat and look back over the road at frequent intervals. The young lady showed equal signs of nervousness.

"Somethin' botherin' them, now you mark me," said one knowing bystander to another. "Like enough they're elopin'," said a second speaker.

A moment after the little buggy had passed through the little village a cloud of dust was seen to arise on the road over which the buggy had just passed. The cloud of dust came nearer. As it neared the little town a hack could be seen. On the front seat sat two men. The driver was plowing his whip in a savage manner. The horses were covered with foam and dust. The man who sat with the driver on the front seat was well dressed. He wore a tall silk hat. He seemed to be very much excited. When the rapidly driven hack neared the Transfer the man with the plug hat caught sight of the buggy ahead. Then his excitement increased.

"Lay on the whip, driver!" he said to his companion. The driver did so, but the speed still was not fast enough to suit the excited man with him. The latter grabbed the whip out of the driver's hand. He cut each of the horses savagely. The hack dashed by the crowd at the Transfer at a whirlwind pace. The young man in the buggy saw the pursuers. He started his horse into a run. His companion was observed to cling to him with both hands. He whipped his horse furiously; but it did not go good. The hack gained rapidly. It soon ran alongside the single rig.

Then the man on the hack got in his work. He would first lash the team with the whip and then turn his attention to the couple in the buggy. He struck several blows on the head and face. He hit the woman as often as the man. She screamed every time the whip fell. Her companion did not strike back. He whipped his horse and tried to get out of the way. But his Nemesis kept alongside of him.

The blows from the whip continued to fall on the head of the dudish young man and his fair companion until a turn in the road concealed the strange scene from the view of the crowd who had witnessed the exciting encounter. The spectators wondered what it was all about. They are still puzzling their brains over the matter. The young man in the case is a well-known blood about town. The woman is said to be the pretty but giddy wife of the man who did the whipping so successfully. The husband is a business man.

## SHE SWAM FOR THE SHORE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Chicago, June 24, says: The schooner Racine, the crew of which rescued the survivors of the Champlain disaster, arrived last evening. At the time the Champlain caught fire the Racine was laying alongside a pier, six miles from Charlevoix. Captain Hanson woke up and saw the burning steamer and sent a part of his crew in a yawl to rescue the perishing passengers. With the remainder of his crew he ran down the beach to an old fish boat, launched it and started for the wreck. The boat had not been used for a long time, and leaked.

When about half way to the Champlain, Captain Hanson came across a young woman who was swimming toward the shore with a child. This was Miss Mary Wakefield, of Charlevoix. She had jumped overboard with a six-year-old child or Captain Kehoe clasped in her arms. Grasping a broken fender, she clung to it, and seizing the clothing of the child in her teeth, she bravely struck out for the shore. Captain Hanson says she is the pluckiest woman he ever saw in his life. When he started to take her into the boat, she told him to hurry away to the others, as she could take care of herself. She reached the shore in safety, and when another of the shipwrecked passengers was taken from the boat in an almost frozen condition, she took off her flannel underskirt and wrapped it around him.

When Captain Hanson reached the wreck, the yawl of the Racine had picked up fifteen persons. He saved ten more, and seventeen others floated ashore by the aid of planks and life preservers.

## OUR SWIMMING MEDAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In this issue we publish a fac-simile of the "Police Gazette" gold medal, which represents the swimming championship of Missouri. It was offered by Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of this paper, to be competed for at St. Louis, in order to promote swimming in that section of the country. It will be competed for at the Natatorium Swimming School, St. Louis, under the management of Prof. Wm. Clark, once famous in prize ring circles and proprietor of the Natatorium. The trophy is beautiful and valuable, and may the winner live long to defend the championship emblem.

## O. S. RAWLS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of O. S. Rawls, of Natchez, who holds the five-mile championship at running. He is well known in that city, and is always ready to run all comers, five or ten miles.

## OUR PORTALITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Colonel Hazen.

The skillful detective whose strong face appears above is one of the cleverest police officials in the West. Colonel Hazen some few weeks ago was appointed chief of the detectives of the Cincinnati Police Department. His record as detective reads almost like a romance of criminal life. He has captured more desperate and notorious crooks than any other fly copper we know of in his section of the country.

## John Potter.

In this issue we publish the portrait of John Potter, who is well known in the wilds of Michigan as the Demon Hunter. He is probably the best shot in Michigan, and kills everything his gun sights on.

## Joe Morsler.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Joe Morsler, the famous pool player of Chicago, well known in sporting circles. Morsler is quite an expert at the game and plays combination four and five ball shots.

## Craig Tolliver.

Craig Tolliver is the desperado judge of Bowan county, Kentucky, who was killed recently in the terrible outbreak by the best citizens against the gang of outlaws, who made the county a living hell for the last few years.

## Alfred Clegg.

Alfred Clegg, known also to the police as James Bailey, is a very clever old crook and expert pickpocket, was captured recently by Detective Andrus at Saratoga Springs, but by his skill and wit he escaped punishment. He pleaded his own case and was discharged on a strange point which he made before the Court.

## P. J. Van Vranken.

Mr. Van Vranken is a respectable old elder of the Presbyterian church of Marshalltown, Iowa, who was taken in by a couple of card sharpers recently to the tune of two thousand dollars. It's strange that any rich old gentleman like Mr. Van Vranken should have not known better than to play such a chestnut game of skin cards.

## Col. Pat H. Hennessey.

Col. Pat Hennessey, of Galveston, Texas, has been arrested and convicted of forgery. He was widely known and held the position of Sergeant-at-Arms in the Senate at Austin. His case created a decided sensation around the capital and elsewhere. The Colonel has lived for 35 years in Texas, and his record heretofore has been that of an honest and upright citizen.

## A Pair of Kramers.

Henry Kramer has lost all faith in mankind and womankind.

Henry is a baker and has a large bakery at 524 Ninth avenue, under his living apartments. He had a beautiful young wife, about twenty-six years old, a blonde with large black eyes that attracted much trade to the establishment. He also had a handsome brother named Louis, about thirty-one years old, who was accustomed to come to his home and live when he was out of work.

Henry worked nights and slept daytime, while his wife had charge of the business. He had done every kindness for his brother, having paid his passage money to America from Germany some twelve years ago and every bill which Louis chose to contract when he was living at Henry's home in an impecunious condition.

Some four weeks ago Louis, who is a tailor, was thrown out of work, but did not come to live with Henry this time, because Henry imagined at the time he had some \$300 saved up.

Last Tuesday afternoon his wife came to his bed about 2 o'clock and kissed him affectionately, saying: "I'm going after a hired girl."

That was the last time that Henry ever saw his wife, and also \$300 savings. He was much shocked when a lady informed him that she saw his wife and brother get on a train at the Grand Central station.

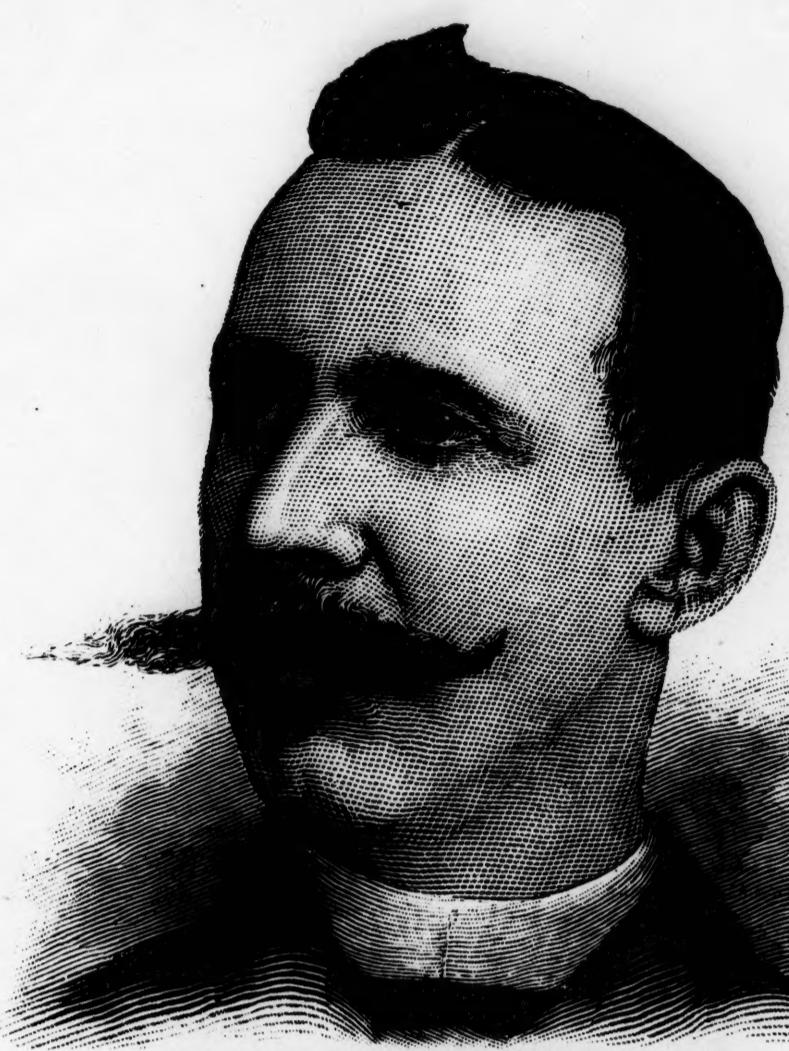
He was still more shocked when he found a little note tucked away in a corner of the parlor, which read: "Good-bye. You will never see your wife any more."

The elopement had been carefully planned and timed. Both Kramer's brother and wife knew that he was accustomed to draw out \$600 from his business twice a year, just before Jan. 1 and July 1, to place in the bank.

It is supposed that the pair fled to Saratoga to enjoy their money. Detectives are after them. Mr. Kramer wants some of his money back, but



[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by WESTERVelt, Los Angeles, Cal.]

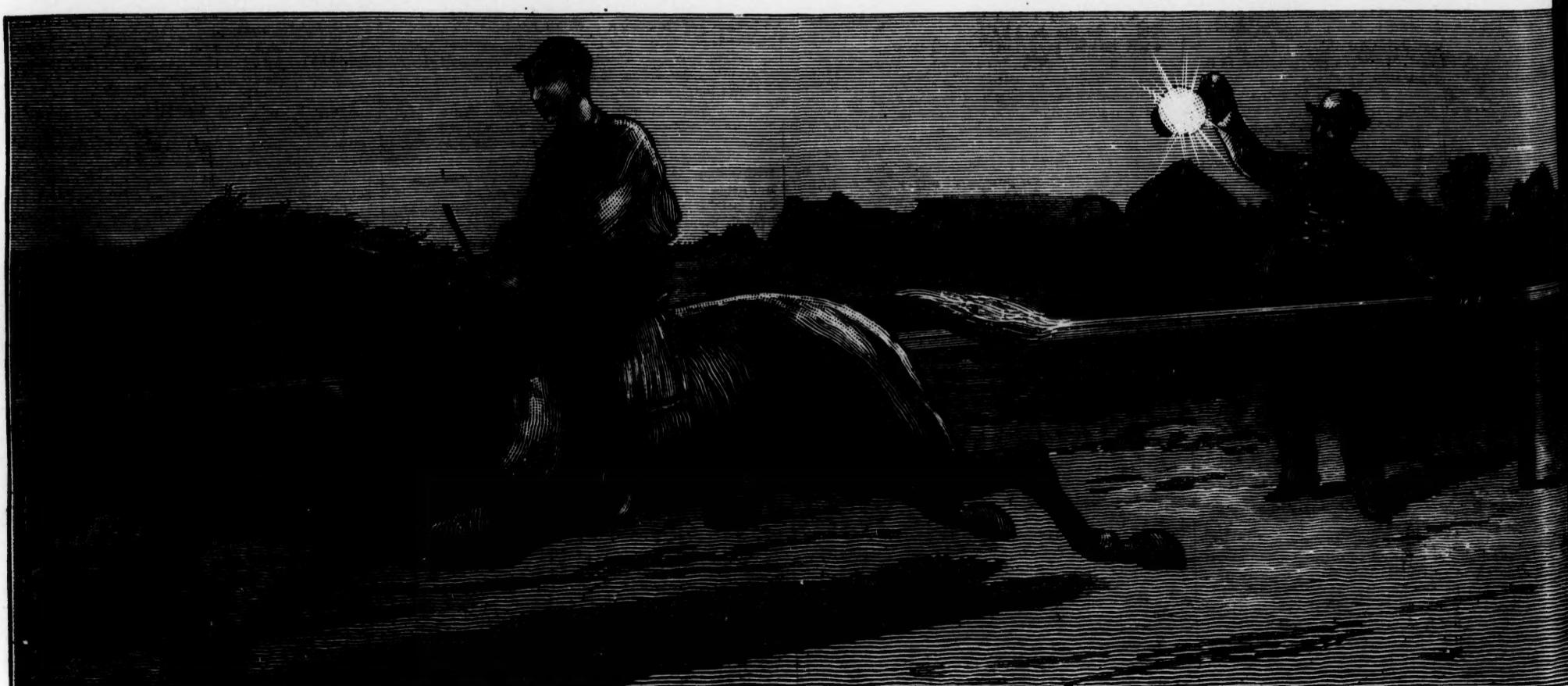
WILL Q. WHEELER,  
THE CLEVER AND BRILLIANT YOUNG MANAGER OF DAN SULLY'S "CORNER GROCERY."

[Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX by BAKER, Columbus, Ohio.]

JOHN C. RICE,  
A WONDERFULLY CLEVER YOUNG LIGHT COMEDIAN.

POLICE USE THEIR PISTOLS.

HOW A LOT OF RIOTING ITALIANS AND HUNGARIANS WERE SHARPLY PUT DOWN BY THE BLUE-COATED GUARDIANS AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.



RACING BY LANTERN LIGHT.

HOW THE TRAINER OF C. H. TODD FOOLED THE CHAPS WHO THOUGHT THEY KNEW IT ALL, BUT, AS A MATTER OF FACT, DIDN'T.



COL. PAT. H. HENNESSY,

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE TEXAS SENATE CONVICTED OF  
BREACH OF TRUST AND SENT AWAY FOR TWO YEARS, GALVESTON, TEX.



HE DIDN'T GET HIS CLOTHES.

A SWEDISH SERVING MAN HAS A STRUGGLE OVER HIS BAGGAGE  
WITH MRS. WILLIAMS NEAR MECKERSTOWN, CONN.



P. J. VAN VRAKEN,

AN OLD ELDER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH WHO WAS BEATEN  
OUT OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS AT MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.



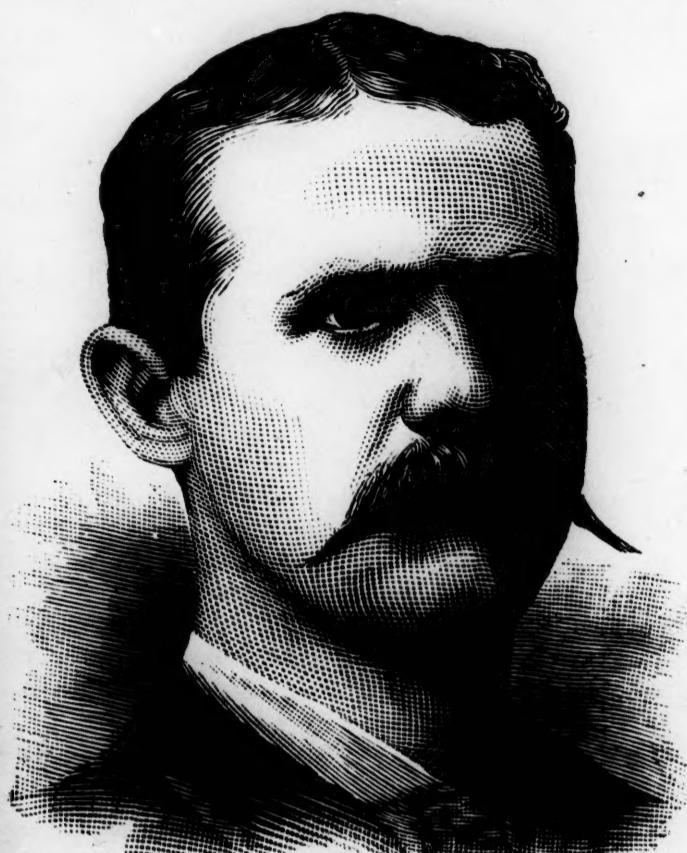
A CLOSE CALL.

INDIGNANT LAURA CLOSE HAS A POT SHOT AT FARMER WAL-  
TER WHILE PLOUGHING HIS FIELD NEAR SEDALIA, KAN.



ALFRED CLEGG,

THE VERY CLEVER OLD CROOK WHO CONDUCTS HIS OWN CASES  
AND OUTWITS THE BUREAU OFFICERS, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.



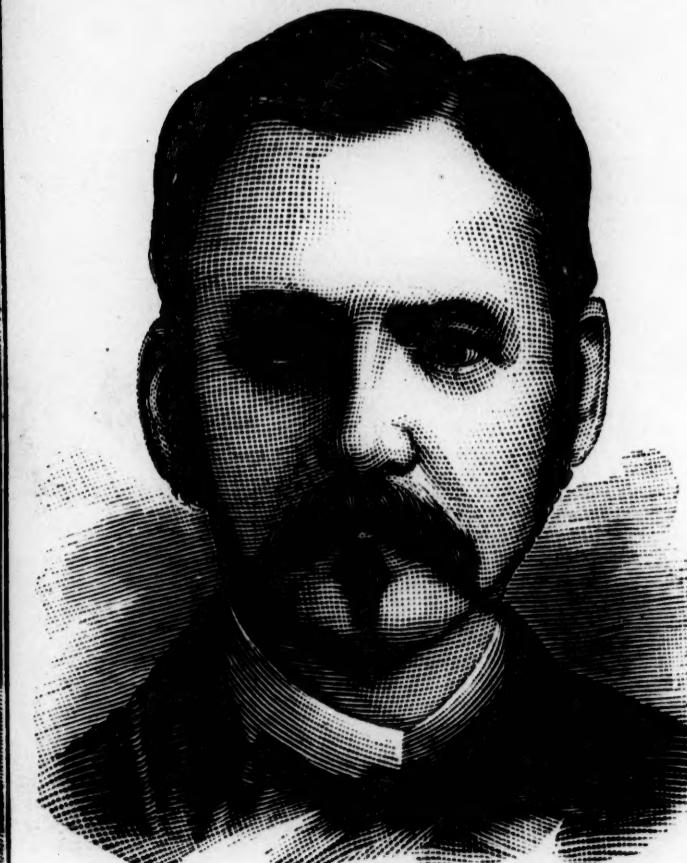
LOUIS KRAMER,

WHO HAS SKIPPED OFF WITH HIS BROTHER'S WIFE AND SIX-  
HUNDRED IN CASH FROM THIS CITY TO PARTS UNKNOWN.



MRS. AUGUSTA KRAMER,

THE CHARMING BAKER'S WIFE WHO HAS ELOPED WITH HER  
HANDSOME BROTHER-IN-LAW FROM THIS CITY.



CRAIG TOLLIVER,

THE LEADING DESPERADO AND OUTLAW WHO WAS KILLED RE-  
CENTLY IN THE TERRIBLE AFFAIR AT BOWAN COUNTY, KY.

## THE OLD STORY.

A Louisville Double Tragedy  
With the Usual Causes  
and Result.

## GUS WAS JEALOUS

So He Shot His Wife to Death and  
Afterward Blew Out His Own  
Brains.

## TWO OF A KIND.

A ghastly double tragedy was enacted at 8:15 o'clock the other night in the second story front room of John D. Hurley's saloon, 342 West Jefferson street, Louisville, Ky.

August Berning, aged about thirty-eight years, shot his wife Ida, aged twenty-five, then himself, both dying instantly and before any one reached the scene. It developed later that the deed was premeditated, and that the murderer and suicide, stung by jealousy and



IDA BERNING.

hopelessness, had laid well the plans for the frightful culmination.

The details of the affair are of uncommon interest, and the story of jealousy, love, vice and desperation connected therewith is one that comes to the surface at rare intervals only in a city like Louisville, and lays bare a substratum of society that many are loath to believe exists, except in the greater centres of civilization.

A few minutes before the tragedy, Berning stood on Jefferson street, at the foot of the narrow stairway leading to the upper story of Hurley's saloon, conversing with Councilman Thomas Scanlon, the proprietor of the saloon adjoining on the west, Charley Booker and John Smith. He had evidently been drinking, but was not drunk. He was usually very reserved and quiet in his manner, but on this occasion he seemed nervous and talked in a rambling way. This was attributed, however, to the liquor he had been drinking, and attracted no particular attention. He said once that he was expecting his brother Lee from Jefferson City, Mo., and when asked why he did not go to the depot and meet him, replied, laughingly, that he guessed he could find his own way. He took a revolver from his pocket, and fumbling it, said:

"I feel like taking this pistol and blowing my head off."

He had scarcely replaced the weapon when a woman was observed approaching from the direction of Third street. Berning recognized his wife in the smiling little personage dressed in white and cried:

"Here she comes now, God bless her."

"Have I kept you waiting too long, Gus," queried the wife as she was warmly greeted by her husband.

"No," replied he, and the two ascended the narrow stairway, as they had often done before, to the front room above, which is a private cafe where drinks are served from the bar below.

As they started up stairs, John Smith walked into Hurley's saloon. He had not taken a dozen steps before he heard a pistol shot, a woman's piercing scream, a second shot and a heavy fall, followed by stillness.

At that moment, Officer H. H. Strohman ran hastily to where Scanlon and Booker still sat on the outside, and asked them where the two shots came from. They had heard nothing of the tragedy that had been enacted up-stairs, and could give no information. Strohman was walking away toward Fourth avenue, from whence he had come, under the impression that he had been misled by some torpedoes when Messrs. Hurley and Smith hailed him. They told him that they believed something was wrong up-stairs, and he entered the saloon with them. Followed by Hurley, he ascended the back stairway, lit the gas in the back room, and finding no one there, entered the next and middle room and lit a jet there. The place was vacated. The

door leading to the front room was open, but all was darkness within, and as the policeman crossed the threshold he struck a match. Two forms lay motionless on the floor, and he hastily lit the gas. Then he saw that murder had been done, and that the author had taken his own life as well. To his left lay the woman, her head in a pool of blood, from which trickled several diverging streams of red. Her eyes were staring, and as he took her hand, which was yet warm, he saw that she was dead.

Mr. Hurley had given his attention to the murderer. He was dead, though also warm. His body lay with the head northeast, his right foot nearly touching that

with an almost childish face, fair, dark brown eyes and hair of a lighter shade. The expression was one of peace, and the effect of youthfulness was heightened by the white dress she wore.

The hands and feet were very small, the former white, with well trimmed nails, and encased in black silk half-mits, with long arms. Black lace-thread stockings and neat, low-quarter ties covered the feet. A few feet from her lay a little black hand-satchel, with a handkerchief showing on the side, and near it was her hat, a broad-brimmed brown straw, turned up on one side and adorned with white feathers and dark canary ribbon. The hat and satchel had fallen out of

to the Supreme Court of Missouri, and he was released on bail. Pending the trial he went to Louisville, and has remained there ever since.

Recently the judgment of the lower court in the case against Berning was sustained, and Chief of Pol. Whallen had for several days been in communication with the St. Louis authorities regarding the fugitive return. Berning spoke several languages fluently and was otherwise accomplished. He was for some time well supplied with money from home, but finally his income from that source grew so slender that he was compelled to work. He chose barkeeping, and for some time was employed at Joe and Jack's saloon, on Jefferson street, just below Fifth, and owned by Joseph Frazer and John Oswald. Two months ago the place suspended business, and shortly afterward Berning secured a position in County Assessor Burke's office as an expert accountant.

Berning and his wife returned to Louisville to live, and found quarters on Fifth street, near the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Afterward they boarded with a Mrs. Tucker, sometimes known as Mrs. Smith, an elderly widow who lived over Tieban's confectionery, at Preston and Market streets. Mrs. Tucker removed to 122 Van Buren street about two weeks ago. Mrs. Berning accompanied her, but the husband, who had grown more and more moody each day, as he brooded over what is said to have been imaginary wrongs, refused to go with his wife and from then on until the tragedy they saw but little of each other. Mrs. Tucker averred to a *Courier-Journal* reporter that Mrs. Berning had made a living of late by sewing, and had received four dresses to make that very day.

The Tucker residence is a one and a half double frame tenement, on the east side of Van Buren street, which is on the Point. The house is a rickety affair, and when the reporter tried to gain admittance he had considerable difficulty. Mrs. Tucker finally opened the door and seemed very suspicious. At first she declared that no Mrs. Berning lived with her. After some conversation she admitted the truth, and when told that her lodger had been killed, betrayed not the least feeling, but remained wonderfully stolid and unaffected. She said that Berning had cruelly mistreated his wife for no cause in the world, as she had made a good and faithful wife.

Berning is the same who about two months ago shot Mollie Berry, a woman of ill repute, in the breast at her room on Green, near Seventh street. It was claimed that the affair was the result of an accident, which was probably true, since Berning at the time shot one of his fingers nearly off, and had but recently fully recovered from the wound. The crooked finger was plainly noticeable as the dead man lay with his big white hands crossed on his breast.

A short time before the tragedy, Berning entered the saloon adjoining Hurley's, and handing a cold-tipped pen and pencil to Morris Scanlon, a brother of the proprietor, said: "I want you to take this, and every time you look at it I want you to think of me."



THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF A JEALOUS HUSBAND'S RAGE.

of his wife, whose position was southwest. His face and hair were drenched with his life's blood, which had poured from his mouth in a torrent. His terrible work had been faultless, though executed in partial darkness. It had not been pitch dark in the room, for the many electric lights without had lent him some of their rays. Within two minutes of the time his wife had greeted him so cheerily at the foot of the steps, both were dead.

She evidently did not suspect his design and was an easy victim. He put his arm around her as they made their way and they had no doubt entered the room in that manner. While in his embrace he had taken his revolver in his right hand, and, as they stood facing each other, had placed it to her left temple just a little to the side and fired. She shrieked, and as she fell the desperate wretch placed the weapon in his mouth and pulled the trigger, the explosion drowning the noise of the woman's fall. He then fell backward, full length and heavily, the sound reaching those in the saloon below. The pistol, which has five chambers, 38-calibre, and of some common make, was tightly grasped in his large, pallid hand. The pool of blood in which his head lay was very large, and covered thickly the Brussels carpet. It was so heavy on his face that his features were not recognizable until it had been cleansed away. His dark mustache was blacker still from its bath of blood, and a little tuft or bang of hair showed that its color was a dark brown and not a deep black, as the life fluid made the remainder of it appear.

The news of the tragedy spread rapidly, and in a very short period the pavement and street in front of the place was crowded with curious people.

Coroner Miller arrived promptly and began an investigation. The single gas jet had been increased to ten, the capacity of the chandelier which hung directly over the feet of the dead man and woman, and brilli-

the way of the blood, which ran along the wainscoting for several feet. Around her neck was a clean collar, clasped with a button, in which an imitation diamond glistened, and the neck of her dress was held together by a breast-pin of old gold and coral. There was much contrast between the victim and her slayer. The man was tall, about six feet two inches in height, slender, and the face had been handsome in life. The mouth had not been closed, because it was necessary to show the jury where the fatal bullet had taken effect, and the jaws were wide apart, showing a bloody cavern.

The red dye was washed away somewhat, however, and it was very evident that the long, neither narrow nor broad face, surrounded with dark mustache and eyebrows, and hair of a lighter shade, was that of a good-looking man. He had always carried himself erect and presented a very favorable appearance. He was dressed in plain, dark clothes, wore a white shirt and turn down collar, and a black silk bow. Indeed, it was remarked that he had dressed himself as if for burial, so neat was his appearance. Literally, there was no blood on his hands, which were large, but well formed, but the vest and upper part of the trousers were saturated with it. His feet were encased in gaiters, and appeared extraordinarily large in contrast with the small ones of his murdered wife. He had worn a Panama straw hat which lay on the floor near by. Both were flat on their backs, just as they had fallen, and the woman's pretty white dress was splashed with blood in several places.

The body of the murderer was then searched. There was not a cent on his person and very little of anything else. There was found a small memorandum book, on the first few leaves of which were several notations. They were in lead pencil and were not addressed. They were as follows:

"I did not know last night that I was to be interfered



MURDER AND SUICIDE WINDS UP A LIFE OF RECKLESSNESS AND DISSIPATION.

antly lighted up the apartment. It was a very nice room. The carpet was a rich-looking Brussels, the walls, which were elegantly papered, were hung with several water-colors and other pictures; a heavy mirrored hat-rack occupied one side, and there were several tables and a number of upholstered chairs. Altogether it was a large and very comfortable place in which to drink privately.

Coroner Miller tied a towel around the murdered woman's head and chin, and closed her eyes with his fingers. She would have been called quite pretty. In size she was considerably under the medium in woman,

with. I will just say this: I'd like to see some red-handed milk-sop like John Godfrey take her away from me with all his 'stuff.' Yours,

"B"

"Good-by, and God bless all my friends."

"This gun belongs to Alex. Meyers. Return it to him, and put him down as a good fellow, June 27."

"Lee Berning, box 61, Jefferson City, Mo."

Berning was a man of education and refinement. He had had many advantages, but sank quite low through recklessness and dissipation. About three years ago he became engaged in a shooting affair in St. Louis and was convicted of the charge. An appeal was secured

AN EDITOR SHOT.

A special from Clarksburg, W. Va., July 1, says: This evening Lee H. Vance, editor of *The News*, shot and badly wounded W. F. Richards, editor of *The Telegram*, because of a disgraceful publication in the latter's paper about Vance. The latter is a young man not over 20 years of age, while Richards is about 35. He has been in trouble a number of times for his libelous utterances, and has twice been shot and knocked down three or four times.

Ask your newsdealer for the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, No. 514. It will contain a reproduction of the great Heenan and Sayers fight.

## PARIS UNVEILED.

Monsieur Mace Unfolds One  
More Picture of Crime  
and Daring.

## CHLOROFORMISTS

How Simpletons are Drugged and Nar-  
cotized, and Finally Cleaned out  
in the Most Artistic Way.

## AN INTERESTING CHAPTER.

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gress. All rights reserved.)

## CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED).

## THE CHLOROFORMISTS.

"Before familiarizing you with the tricks and devices used by the chloroformists, you must permit me, Monsieur the Prefect, to begin with a story of which a very prominent and well-known financier is the hero."

"It is related to the subject which you are so anxious to know all about."

"This money-making speculator, who was of German origin and the owner of a large fortune, made rather questionably on the Stock Exchange, was a prisoner in Mazas."

"He was convicted, in spite of his nationality or the help of several political friends who would not care to see their names dragged through the mud and mire of criminal proceedings. He had been, at various times, closely connected with men who would make any and every effort to save him rather than be involved by his name in his ruin and disgrace."

"The Attorney-General was deaf to all pleas and intercessions, however, and several eager offers of bail were firmly but politely declined."

"What made the authorities all the more implacable was that a well-connected rogue of the same sort and class had been treated with great indulgence, and had made up for it by a sudden and mysterious disappearance. Strict orders, therefore, were given to the police officers who had him in charge and who, every morning at 10 o'clock, conducted him to the office of the experts who were charged with examining his books."

"One privilege, however, had not been withdrawn from him. He was allowed to lunch every noon, at his own expense, in the office of the experts."

"A waiter brought him, daily, a hamper of provisions in such great abundance that they would have sufficed for several persons. In full view of the officers, the culprit absorbed, in one order, a lobster, a chicken, some Perigord pie, cheese and fruit, the repast being irrigated by some fine white wine."

"The officers hurriedly devoured, meanwhile, some bread and cheese, with a few figs or other fruit for dessert."

"Try some of this Strasburg pâté or a chicken wing. You must have quite an appetite watching me eat."

"The Prefect had established a rule that none of his subordinates should accept even the very slightest favor or gratuity from a prisoner, so the two officers declined the offer with thanks."

"Every evening between seven and eight, the prisoner was conducted back to the House of Detention and, acting under orders, he was always transferred in a cab, in the custody of the same agents."

"This is how he got the best of them. He always smoked cigars, expressly imported from Havana, of the very best brand. The gilt bands on them read: 'Non plus ultra.'

"One night, a hack with doors and window blinds closed, drew up at the entrance to the Mazas prison. The driver, seeing nobody alight, descended from his box, opened the door and of the three passengers with whom he had started saw only two."

"He shook them soundly, for both were fast asleep and snoring. Being able to do nothing with them he summoned a policeman, who jumped on the box and directed him to drive around to the police station of the quarter."

"When the two sleepers awoke they appeared to be stupefied and confused. The last thing they recollect was that on the Place de la Bastille they had been seized with very strange and disagreeable symptoms, which ended in vertigo and unconsciousness. Contrary to their general practice each had accepted a cigar from the prisoner—and the cigars were drugged."

"Are there many thieves who use narcotics?"

"There are a few, and they must not be confounded with the chloroformists. They make a specialty of dealing with the simpletons who are always ready to drink with anybody whether they know him or not. After being assured that the victim has money on his person, the operator treats him to a cigar loaded with opium, or pours into his glass some narcotic drops, which lull him to sleep and facilitate the work of robbery."

"Often these fellows operate on bank clerks and messengers whom they pick up in the saloons near the big railroad stations. Frequently they lie in wait in these places, smoking or playing dominoes, but keeping always a bright look-out for 'subjects.'

When a 'sucker' turns up they engage him in a casual

conversation and then propose a little game of some kind just for the drinks."

"The 'sucker' wins at first, and is naturally delighted. Little by little his sensations of pleasure begin to diminish. His motor nerves perform their functions badly and irregularly. A general sensation of confusion and discomfort pervades him. He can't explain his feelings but he begins to lose control of himself. In due time he loses his faculties. He drops his cards and sinks into an uneasy but profound slumber, from which he wakes to find himself minus his watch and money, in the presence of a landlord who is angrily demanding payment for the drinks."

"The victim of such a process is always very sick, in consequence. But the 'dose' is never fatal—something which cannot be said of the administration of chloroform by crooks."

"Some surgeons declare that it is very difficult—almost impossible—to administer chloroform to an unconscious sleeping individual. Others affirm that it is quite easy. On this score the chloroformists could give both a good deal of enlightenment and information. For they employ it with great skill, sometimes using a sponge, and sometimes administering it on a pocket handkerchief."

"As everybody knows, chloroform when used recklessly, is a very dangerous drug, and often has the most deplorable consequences."

"These chloroformists are most skillful and audacious. You meet them on railroads, on steamships, in hotels. Essentially cosmopolitan, they spend the greater portion of their lives travelling. They are as full of geographical information as a guide-book, and they know every watering-place and health resort patronized by millions and persons of means."

"The chloroformist is usually a 'spoiled' medical student who has taken a course, either in whole or in part, at the Schools, where he has learned how to use narcotics."

"A man of the world, full of information and good humor, his conversation is usually very agreeable, and he speaks two or three languages with fluency and grace, generally of a most prepossessing exterior. When he deals with women he usually figures as a rich bachelor with matrimonial designs. He is especially successful with wealthy and vulgar 'mamas'—for he takes extra pains to ingratiate himself with that class."

"When traveling or 'working' on a railroad, this is how he operates:

"He first 'places' a pocketbook. That is to say, he hangs round a railroad station until he sees and selects a particularly well-lined purse. When he has made his choice he buys a ticket for the same destination as his victim. In his satchel he carries a supply of eatables and cigars, and above all, of some excellent liquor. Often a pack of cards makes up his outfit."

"He gets into the same compartment with his victim and dexterously engages him in conversation. When a third of the trip is traversed he cleverly leads the discussion to a denunciation of the stop-over eating sausages, makes fun of the viands and protests that he can't for the life of him endure the bustle and hurry of lunching under such conditions. The next step, and the most natural in the world, is to offer his fellow traveler a share of his own dainty provisions."

"In case of refusal, when his repast is finished, he politely offers the victim a drugged cigar or a 'dosed' glass of liquor.

"The conversation is sustained—but grows tiresome. The rumble of the train swells into an ominous roar. In an incredibly short space of time the luckless 'sucker' drops into a heavy lethargy. The chloroformist at once uncorks his little phial and keeps it for some seconds under the nose of the sleeper. At the same time he gently applies a leaf of the thinnest possible parchment over his mouth to keep him from inhaling atmospheric and uninvited air."

"This parchment is called, 'a stiffer,' and is made like the bottom of a carnival mask."

"Thus secured, the thief goes to work with speed, yet deliberation. He opens the coveted pocketbook and quickly empties it of all save one or two small bank notes. He replaces it in the pocket where he found it, and disdains to appropriate the jewelry on his 'subject's' person."

"At the next station he alights and disappears."

"Of course he spares his victim's jewelry because it might give a clew to him and cause his arrest. He has another motive for always leaving a little money in the pocketbook. It is this: The 'victim' finding some money left, decides that he was not robbed but must have been cheated in making change, or must have dropped some of his wealth. Another and graver motive for leaving some money in the pocketbook is this:

"Suppose the 'dose' were to prove fatal. The authorities on examining the corpse and finding money and jewelry on it, would never suspect that a robbery had been perpetrated."

"It may have been a singular coincidence, and it may have been something else, but recently on a single railroad, at the same hour and the same place, three mysterious unknown corpses were found, two of them in the same compartment."

"On steamers, the chloroformist uses all his tricks and devices. Life on board is dull and monotonous. Time hangs heavy and has to be killed. Everybody gets stupid and drowsy and falls asleep watching the sky and waves."

"An agreeable and vivacious conversationalist has everything his own way. It must be remembered that most ocean travelers are very uninteresting people."

"The chloroformist usually passes himself off as a doctor, knowing that women have a special weakness for medical men. If the weather turns out rough, he is full of suggestions and prescriptions. What, for instance, is to be compared with a nice fresh egg, beaten up in a little Madeira? Father, mother—the entire family regards him with admiration and gratitude."

"The egg and Madeira prescription gives his other fellow passengers confidence in him. How easy then, to 'dose' some rich planter or American traveler."

"When they land, he freezes on to his real victim, whom he usually invites to dine with him in a comfortable restaurant where they can get a private room. The private room is close and stuffy and the window is opened to give them air. The dinner is finished and the waiter has gone to fetch the coffee and liqueurs. The thief seizes his opportunity and invites his friend to get a breath of fresh air at the open window. The coffee is served meanwhile. Then the 'operator' calls the attention of his guest to some girl passing by. When his attention is diverted, the 'dose' drops mercilessly into the victim's coffee cup. Then the victim drinks—and falls asleep. As if everybody doesn't fall asleep after a good dinner?"

"I have a cousin who was the secretary and treasurer of a large industrial and commercial company which had its headquarters in Bordeaux. He visited Paris three or four times every year. Being a man of regular habits, on each occasion he went to the same hotel, which is one of the best appointed and most exclusive in town."

"On his last visit, he put up at this house. That afternoon he had drawn from his bank, in cash, the sum of 50,000 francs (\$10,000). As he was obliged to leave very early in the morning, contrary to his usual habit, he forbore to deposit his money in the hotel safe."

"He went to bed at nine o'clock. He put his clothing on an easy chair after making sure of the presence, in one of his pockets, of the 50,000 francs, done up in the identical parcel he had drawn from the bank."

"My cousin, for twenty years, always and invariably woke every morning at four o'clock. It was an absolutely ineradicable habit with him."

"At nine o'clock next morning he was still asleep. By and by he opened his eyes, vaguely conscious of having heard unusual sounds in his sleep."

"His instant reflection was 'I have been robbed.'

"A hasty glance confirmed the suspicion. The drawer of the dressing case, instead of being in its usual place, was at the other end of the room, in an easy chair. In it were his key, his watch and a certain amount of money."

"Bounding across the room he wildly opened the pocket of his coat. The package was still there, but its seal had been broken, and instead of his 50,000 francs it contained a supplement of *Figaro*.

"He notified the police instantly, and a most vigorous search was made. The landlord of the hotel took extra trouble to try and get some light on the robbery. So far as his employees were concerned they seemed to be beyond all suspicion."

"He had, beyond all doubt, been followed and shadowed, and, through his negligence in omitting to shoot the bolt of the door, entrance had been easily effected with a false key."

"My cousin said that on waking he felt a peculiar and most disagreeable sensation in the joints of his upper jaw and a horrible tickling or pricking in his nose. His expression was vacant and wandering and it was all he could do to carry his head straight."

"During the whole of the next day he was incessantly struggling with a desire to go to sleep."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FOUR PERSONS MURDERED.

A Luling, Tex., dispatch of June 25 says: Intelligence was received to-day of the bloodiest and most fatal affray in county records. It occurred last night, five miles east of Lockhart, the county seat of this (Caldwell) county. Juan Garcia is a Mexican of powerful frame, determined, malicious, of great nerve and malodorous reputation. Though young, he long ago achieved the reputation covered under the title *desperado*. He is a living incarnation of the dime novel idea of the six-shooter hero of the Rio Bravo. For some two years past he has terrorized the white and Mexican population, not only of Caldwell but adjacent counties as well.

He is unmarried, and a history of his wooings, seductions and feuds would fill a fair-sized book. He was very much feared, even by his few friends. At Bosario, a small settlement, a fandango or public rejoicing had been two days in session. There were open air booths, gambling and dancing. Everybody feared that Garcia would come. He showed up within an hour of the beginning. He had evidently come on a Lochinvar sort of errand, as he carried no arms. He staid just long enough to fill up on mescal, and then went on the war path. He beat a couple of men and insulted a few women, and was put out by some of the managers, who had more muscle than discretion. He swore a few oaths, showed a good deal of vengeance in sibilant Spanish, mounted his horse and set out for this place.

He reached here yesterday about noon, said nothing about his crusade, purchased a six-shooter and some ammunition; then he staved on his return. He must have picked up a partner on the way, probably some man who was afraid to refuse him, because two of them appeared in the booth where the dance was in progress a little after dark yesterday evening. He wasted no time in parley, but announcing that he had come for business and singling out Jose Galindo, one of the offenders, opened fire. Galindo fell, shot through the head, and Garcia began firing promiscuously. Quirino Gonzales was shot through the heart, and two others fell before his pistol. The place was nearly dark to begin with, and the smoke soon rendered the atmosphere impenetrable, but Garcia continued to blaze away until his pistol was emptied, when he made for the door.

In the meantime his partner had his skull crushed by a club in the hands of an irate Aztec, who objected to being filled full of holes without a chance to say anything. In the indiscriminate rush for the narrow entrance one woman had her leg broken and a child was seriously trampled. Garcia's companion has since died, and the two last men shot by him are mortally wounded.

Garcia mounted his horse and clattered down the road, but was pursued by a Mexican who was armed, and, having only an empty pistol, was brought to bay. His captor marched the desperado to jail at Lockhart, an angry Mexican mob following them and threatening to hang the murderer. There were grave fears of lynching last night, but everything is now quiet. Two of the dead men were married, and all were quiet farmers.

## A NEW TRIAL REFUSED.

Our correspondent at St. Joseph, Mo., writes, July 1: The motion for a new trial in the case of Peter Hronex, the Bohemian charged with the murder of his wife, came up before Judge Woodson this morning. The motion was overruled. Hronex was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, Aug. 9. Judge Woodson prefaced his sentence with a complete review of the testimony in the case, which showed that the murder was premeditated and diabolical, the prisoner murdering his young wife in a jealous fit while half crazed with drink. In reading the death sentence Judge Woodson completely broke down, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. The prisoner throughout showed the stolid indifference which had characterized his actions ever since the crime.

After the sentence was passed he was conducted by the deputy sheriff to the jail. Before entering his cell he declared that he would never be hanged, but would die an easier death. The deputy sheriff refused to let him occupy his old cell, and placed him in a new one. Hronex' attorneys made every effort to have the verdict changed, but the proof was overwhelming, and the judge refused to consider it. This will be the second hanging which has taken place in Buchanan county since the war. On Jan. 22, 1870, John Grable was hanged for the murder of Joel Drake, near Union Star, this county.

## WILL O. WHEELER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we publish an excellent portrait of Mr. Will O. Wheeler, for a long time the manager of Dan Sully.

## A MEXICAN TRAGEDY.

## The Assassination of Bishop Cazares

While Standing at  
the Altar.

A letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* from the City of Mexico says: A dreadful event that has filled the country with consternation and sorrow, took place at the city of Morelia, State of Michoacan, last Thursday, during the Corpus Christi day, or procession held that day in Roman Catholic countries.

This event resembles very much the one that occurred at Madrid, Spain, some time ago, for persons who took part in the scene occupy the same positions in the Catholic Church. Bishop Jose Maria Cazares and Pablo Rojas, a clergyman, both from Morelia, were the actors of this tragedy.

On Thursday morning at ten o'clock the large cathedral was crowded to the uttermost. Bishop Cazares was officiating. The sermon and mass were heard with great attention by the audience. When the mass was over, Bishop Cazares was taking off his ornaments when a clergyman, who stood during the services near the altar, made his way to the altar through a crowd of many ladies, who thought him to be the next priest to perform the services. He calmly ascended the few steps leading to the altar; the bishop heard the noise of someone coming, and thinking it to be a faithful believer soliciting the grace of kissing the symbolic ring, extended his hand without turning toward him. At this movement the assassin seemed to hesitate, but soon he drew out from under his cloak a long knife and raised his arm. The weapon flashed above the head of the prelate, an indescribable murmur of horror was heard through the temple, then a blow, the fall of Bishop Cazares, and the cry of young Julio Cortez, the bishop's assistant, who interposed his arm between the bishop and the assassin just at that time, and received part of the blow, the knife passing through his arm and entering the bishop's body.

The feeling of the people soon passed from the panic to the indignation, however, when Rojas, thinking perhaps his crime was accomplished, turned to the spectators. Everybody stepped back. He had a frantic look, and, with knife in hand, began to strike from left to right. The tumult was horrible; the cries of the ladies and children, mingling with the falling of candles and the breaking of window glass, were heard for many squares. Many of the most prominent ladies of the city were in danger of being hurt. Finally Senor Antonio Reynoso, alderman of the city, sprang up from the multitude, and with his cane struck the assassin on the left side of his head, causing the blood to flow over his face, which gave him a most repugnant appearance. He succeeded in getting out of the cathedral, but there Senor Manuel Lazona, with an umbrella, joined Senor Reynoso, and together they followed the man, running down the street and crying, "Stop him! Stop him!" Two policemen, Francisco Milian and Miguel Arevalo, appeared on the opposite corner, and at the sight of the man covered with blood, with a long knife, Arevalo pulled out his pistol and pointed it at him, but the priest did not stop; then Milian stepped back, let the man go ahead, and running after him embraced him with all his strength. The clergyman felt himself conquered, and threw away the poinard.

By this time groups of people had gathered around the place of the scene and spoke of lynching him, and it was necessary to call for a respectable number of policemen to keep the people away, and to carry the prisoner to the station-house, where he was locked up.

Bishop Cazares received two wounds, one on the neck, and the other, three inches long and two inches deep, a little below the collar-bone. The quantity of blood lost while he was waiting for a physician to come put his life in peril, but it was reported yesterday that he was recovering. His assistant, young Cortez, who tried to save him, has also two slight injuries, one on his right arm and the other on his neck. A lady and a little girl were hurt during the confusion in the church.

The poinard is about two feet long, that is to say, the blade alone measured nine inches



HE GOT TO THE END OF HIS ROPE.  
STE PEER, A RIVAL OF BLONDIN, GETS FULL OF WHISKEY AND DIES QUITE SUD-  
DENLY AT NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

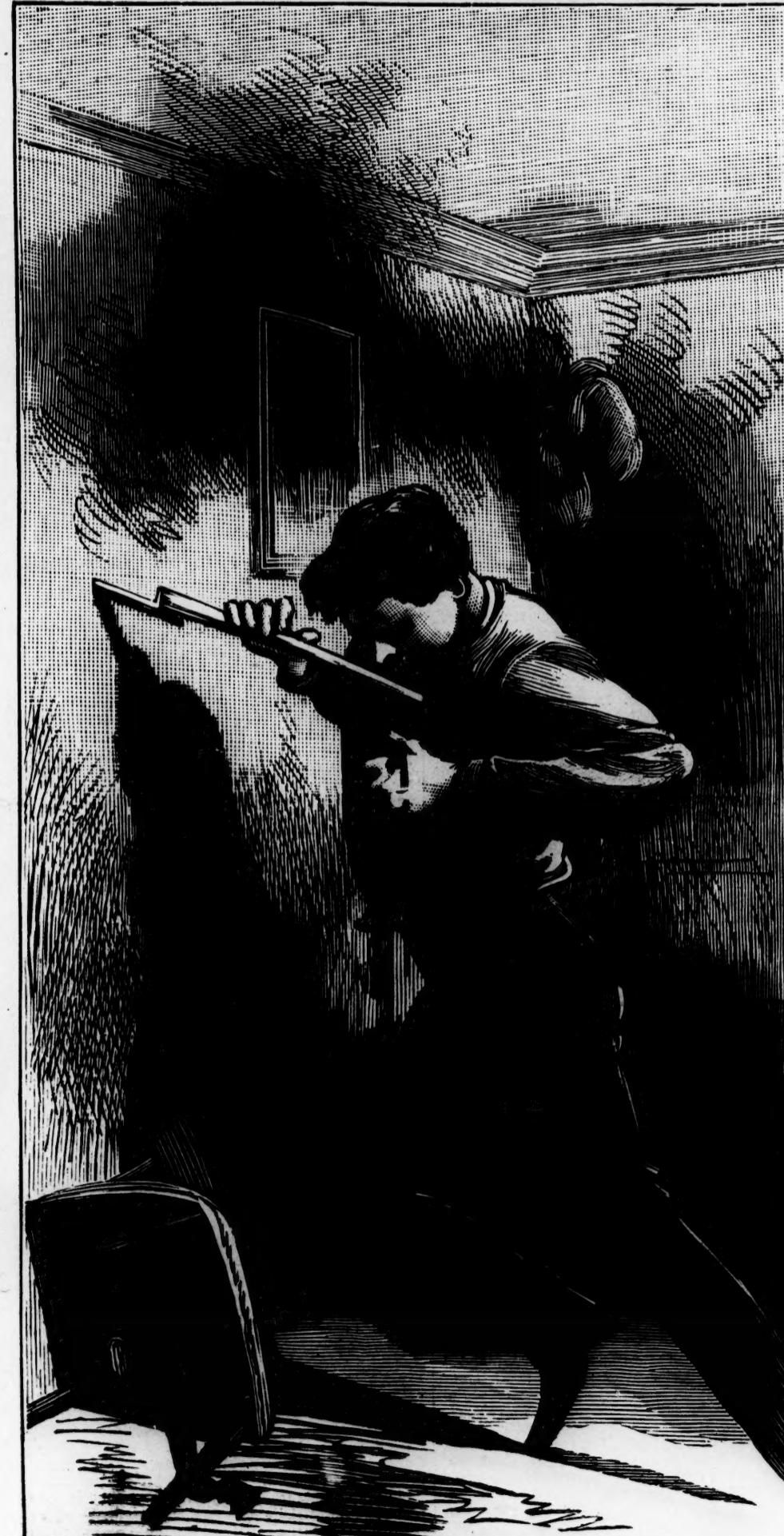


HOSTLY BICYCLING.  
MR. MARSHALL J. BAILEY, A PHILADELPHIA WHEELMAN, HAS A WEIRD EXPE-  
RIENCE WHILE RIDING NEAR WEST CHESTER.



BONNETS BLOWN ENDWAYS.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION WRECKS THE DAINTY MILLINERY STORE OF MRS. SULLI-  
VAN, IN RUTLAND, VERMONT.



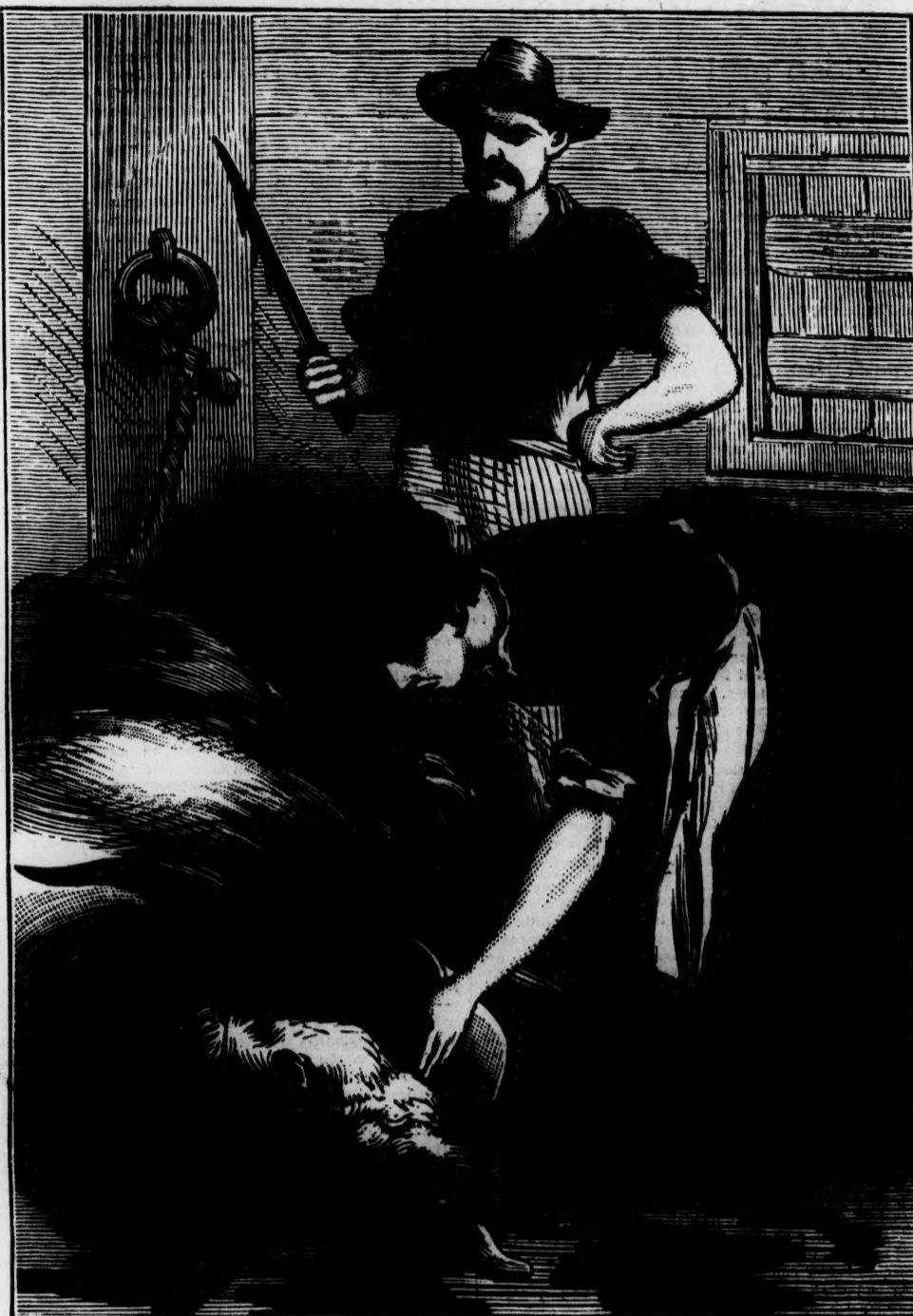
IMPALED HIMSELF.

ENSIGN JAMES COGHLAN OF THE UNITED STATES ARTILLERY TRIES TO INVENT A  
NEW WAY TO COMMIT SUICIDE AT FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK HARBOR.



HE HUGGED HER IN CHURCH.

WILLIAM CONLEE OF BETH TOWNSHIP, INDIANA, IS CHARGED WITH A STRANGE DESECRATION OF THE SABBATH BY A LOT OF PIous CRANKS.



HE MUST HAVE BEEN A BRUTE.

BUTCHER GRAVES OF OTTAWA COUNTY, OHIO, COMPELS HIS WIFE TO CATCH THE BLOOD OF THE ANIMALS HE SLAUGHTERS.



ROAST PORK BY WHOLESALE.

A MILLION AND A QUARTER OF HOG FLESH GOES UP IN SMOKE AND FLAMES AT ARMOUR'S PACKING HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Re-sume of the Aresic Battles of a Week.

John P. Clow undertook to knock out Tom Hinch in six rounds at the Theatre Comique, Minneapolis, Minn., June 24, and the result proved that he had not taken too big a contract, as he did the job in three rounds.

Pete Toole and Jack Nicholson fought for \$25 a side near Pittsburgh, Pa., June 26, the bare knuckles being used, and the former winning at the close of the twelfth round. About one hundred persons were present.

William Bradburn and Frank Glover are to meet in a twelve-round glove contest with small soft gloves at Cheltenham Beach, Saturday evening, July 16. The winner to receive 75 per cent. and the loser 25 per cent. of the gate receipts.

"The fight between myself and Jack Hopper is off for good," Billy Dacey said the other night. "I went to see Hopper and wanted to have a 'go' with him. I called him a cur and offered to go and fight him in his own bedroom or anywhere he named, but he would not fight."

The "Daily News" June 29, published the following: "The report published in an evening paper that the Richard K. Fox combination had met with a failure at Pittsburgh and had no money in untrue. Mitchell is worth \$15,000, Madden \$15,000, Kilrain \$7,000. How, then, were they without money enough to buy their dinner?"

Tom Less having issued a challenge to box any 154lb. man in England, Ned Donnelly accepted the Australian's defi on behalf of an unknown, and they are to contend for \$125 a side. Toft Wall has also sent forth a challenge offering to box Less at 160lb. for from \$50 a side, or he would give anybody in England a chance to meet him on the same terms.

John Healy, of Elmwood, and Steve Daly, of Hartford, Conn., ran a ridiculous race of 100 yards for \$500 a side on June 28, at Chester Oak Park. Healy had gone scarcely three yards when his trainer called him back. Daly kept on and covered the distance in 10.5 seconds. Healy's backers have raised a protest and the stakeholders still cling to the money.

The backers of Denny Kelleher, of Quincy, and Jack McGee, of East Boston, met at Boston, on July 2, and arranged for a contest for \$300 a side, to take place within five weeks and to be within 100 miles of Boston. This promises to be one of the best fights seen here in a long time, as both men are about the same size, very game and clever midgets.

A Pittsburg dispatch states that a hard-glove fight, six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, has been arranged between Charles Mitchell, the champion English boxer, and Reddy Gallagher of Cleveland. The fight is to take place within four weeks at a place to be agreed upon later. Gallagher offered to fight Mitchell with bare knuckles to a finish for \$1,000, but the latter refused to make a match to a finish for less than \$2,000. The winner is to take 75 per cent. of the receipts and the loser the balance.

A 20-round fight took place at the Cleveland, Ohio, Gymnasium, recently, between Frank Ryan and Joe Mackey, colored, both 140-pound men. Small gloves were used and Queensberry rules governed. "Reddy" Gallagher acted as referee. The first ten rounds were full of fighting and both men inflicted severe punishment on each other. After that it became a mere question of endurance, and after ten more rounds of sparring and weak hitting the fight was declared a draw. Neither man was able to continue the contest, though each was unwilling to acknowledge himself beaten.

John Reagan and Tom Henry are to fight at catch-weights, and there is not the least doubt that the battle will be one of the most obstinate and desperate ever witnessed. Henry is a native of Bury, England, and he will weigh on the day of the battle about 140 pounds. Reagan will weigh 142 pounds. Alf Power, who time and again trained Jack Dempsey, and who trained Reagan for his battle with Johnny Flies, will again train Reagan. The stakes are \$2,000, just the amount Heenan and Sayers fought for in 1860. Reagan, who is a mere novice, must have strong supporters, and they must place great confidence in his ability to shine as a middle-weight champion when they find \$1,000 to contend for, and stand ready to increase the stakes to \$2,000 a side.

The "New York Herald" July 3, published the following: "On the Cunard steamer Aurania, in one of the officers' staterooms, hired for the journey, were Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Fox. Almost the whole space was taken up with baskets of fruit and floral tokens. 'I am going over,' said Mr. Fox, 'to try everything in my power to arrange a match between Kilrain and Smith. No, I have never seen Smith, but I am Kilrain's backer, and I feel confident that my man can down the English champion. We hope to make the match for a thousand English pounds sterling, or \$5,000. We want the match on anyhow, and I am provided with bonds to meet any amount the Englishmen may put up. All our business will be done through the *Sporting Life*, of London, and the *Herald* shall know the moment anything is definitely settled.' A both useful and ornamental present was found by Mr. and Mrs. Fox on deck. It consisted of two large sized deck chairs, with the initials of the sporting editor and his wife engraved respectively on two silver shields let into the back. They came from the employees of Mr. Fox, and each chair was gracefully festooned with smilax and roses."

Jimmy Carney and Jack McAuliffe, the rivial light-weights, met at Boston on June 30 and arranged a match to contend for \$2,500 a side. The following articles were then drawn up:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 30th day of June, 1887, between James Carney, of England, and Jack McAuliffe, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to fight to a finish with skin gloves. Marquis of Queensberry rules, between the 1st and 6th days of October, 1887, for \$2,500 a side, open to \$5,000 a side, the fight to take place within three hundred miles of Boston. Each man shall be allowed ten men on a side, and each man shall be allowed two seconds. Five hundred dollars shall be deposited this day, June 30; \$500 a side on August 1, before 9 P. M.; \$500 a side on September 5, before 9 P. M.; and the fourth and last deposit of \$1,000 a side on September 26, before 9 P. M. Al. Smith, of New York, is hereby selected as temporary stakeholder. Each man shall be restricted to 133 pounds eight hours previous to entering the ring. The referee shall agree upon September 5, at the time of the third deposit. The exact date and place of the battle ground shall be agreed upon September 5. The referee's decision shall be final in all cases. The sporting editor of the Boston *Globe* is hereby designated as temporary stakeholder, and the money shall be forwarded by him to the final stakeholder after the third deposit, September 5. The final deposit shall be made to the final stakeholder. Either party failing to observe the above agreement shall forfeit all money deposited.

Witness: JAMES CARNEY,  
JAMES COLVILLE. JACK McAULIFFE.

It is very doubtful if the match will ever take place, because Carney will not return to this country, and those arranging the match are well aware of it.

At the time the "Evening Sun" of this city, published that the Richard K. Fox Combination was stranded in Pittsburg, and that they had no money, and that Jake Kilrain, Charlie Mitchell, etc., did not have money enough to leave Pittsburg, we know that the report was published with an idea to injure the standing of the members of the combination with the community. The following letter from Mr. Thomas F. Hughes proves our theory. Read it.

PITTSBURG, PA., JULY 2, 1887.  
DEAR SIR—I received a clipping from the New York *Evening Sun*, dated Pittsburg, June 28, alleging the Richard K. Fox combination had closed at the Opera House, and that the members of the company were dead broke and without the necessary wherewithal to purchase their dinner, which is a lie and misstatement throughout. It also reads that not a cent was paid for rent of Opera House or the printing bills, not to mention the salaries of the troupe. In the first place the combination was not called Richard K. Fox Athletic Combination, but Fox Athletic Combination,

having no reference to Richard K. Fox in name or otherwise, the company closed at the Opera House for the simple reason that they were not booked anywhere else, and for no other place after that week. There was nobody in the company whose salary was not paid fully or satisfactorily but with three exceptions out of a total of 21 people, and they knowing full well the reason their stipulated salary was not paid, which will be made public through the press, if necessary, and they demand it. Mr. John Ellister, the proprietor of the Opera House here, I challenge as a gentleman to say that this company owes him one dollar through me as manager, or anybody else having any connection with it by way of rent, printing or otherwise. H. O. Nevin & Co., of Pittsburg, did the descriptive, and Richard K. Fox, of New York, the show printing of the company. All the trouble there was at the box office was occasioned by the ignorance of a bar lawyer who had been attending to a case in court against a regatta committee of which I was one allowing the case to go by default. I being not notified; however, on Monday, the trouble was righted, the people getting their money. I refer you to Sheffer and Blakely, the celebrated variety performers, and Miss Hilda Thomas, the American premier balladist, the Stewarts, Hattie and Dick; Kilrain, Fogarty, Gallagher, Ridge and others; the article is a base fabrication in all its principal points, and originated in the brain of some hoodlum here in Pittsburg, who did not want to see any exhibition of sparring wherein certain other parties were not allowed to appear. I simply originated the entertainment to show that first class and gentlemanly boxers were appreciated in Pittsburgh, even at the Grand Opera House, when properly brought before the public. By giving this space in your valuable paper you will do justice and confer a favor on yours truly.

THOS. F. HUGHES,  
Manager of the Fox Athletic and Specialty Co.

Twenty-seven years ago John C. Heenan went to England to fight Tom Sayers. Since that time there has been much talk indulged in by pugilists on both sides of the Atlantic for an international match, but nothing of importance has resulted; but now there is every prospect of America's champion, Jake Kilrain, meeting England's champion, Jim Smith, in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring for \$5,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world. Kilrain's money, or at least \$1,000, has been posted; Smith's money, \$1,000, has been posted, and all that remains to ratify the great international match is for the backers of the principals to sign the articles of agreement. On June 29 the following protocol was forwarded to England:

Articles of agreement entered into this — day of —, 1887, between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, Md., U. S. A., and James Smith, of London, England:

The said Jake Kilrain and the said James Smith hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, by which said Jake Kilrain and the said James Smith hereby mutually agree to bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of \$5,000—\$2,500 a side, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the championship of the world, and shall take place six months from the date of signing these papers, on the — day of —, 1887, within one hundred miles of Paris, France; or Madrid, Spain, or within 1,000 miles of New York city, U. S. A., the man winning the toss to give the opposite party ten days' notice of the place. The said Jake Kilrain and James Smith to be catch weights.

The men shall be in the ring between the hours of — and —, or the man absent shall forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne by the two contestants equally.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$100 (\$500) a side is now deposited in the hands of the New York *Clipper*. The remaining deposits shall be made as follows: The second of \$200 (\$1,000) a side on the — day of September, 1887, at the office of the New York *Clipper*; the third of \$200 (\$1,000) at the office of the stakeholder, New York, and toots for choice of ground to take place at the time of putting up the deposit.

It is further agreed that the said Jake Kilrain shall receive \$600 (\$100) for his expenses in the event of the battle taking place in Ireland or elsewhere on the other side, and vice versa, the said James Smith shall receive \$600 (\$100) for his expenses in the event of the battle being fought in the United States, the expense money that may be due Jake Kilrain to be forwarded to the *Police Gazette*, New York, and should it be due James Smith to be forwarded to the editor of the New York *Clipper*. The deposits must be put up not later than — o'clock on the days aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amounts due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. The referee to be chosen on the ground.

In case of magisterial interference, the referee, if appointed, or the stakeholder if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week, and either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money. The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

Witness:

On the 2d of July Richard K. Fox sailed on the Aurania for London, to represent Jake Kilrain, who he is backing, and make all necessary arrangements for the international contest. The match is the topic of conversation among sporting circles. The *Dispatch* (Pittsburgh) says: After Sullivan refused to accept his challenge, and his money was not covered by any other pugilist, he sent his defi to England, which, as stated elsewhere, was accepted by Smith, and now a genuine contest for supremacy is assured. Kilrain left last night for Baltimore. When he heard that his challenge to Smith had been accepted he appeared as delighted as a school boy over a new toy.

"I am glad that Smith has accepted the challenge," he said, "and I shall certainly do my best to defend the honor of America. I would much rather the fight would come off in this country, but as they have chosen the continent of Europe, according to my proposition to fight either place, I will certainly go there."

"Have you any fears of the result?"

"No. I think I can best Smith. If I had not thought so, I would not have challenged him. He is said to be a good man, but I feel confident that I will be successful."

The fight started out at this point in the conversation and Kilrain jumped aboard seemingly in a much better humor than he had been. Charley Mitchell, who ought to know as much about the qualities of Kilrain and Smith as any man living, also left the city last night, going to Buffalo.

"What do you think of Kilrain's chances with Smith?" was asked.

"Well, I don't think Jake will have a great deal of trouble in gaining the victory. Smith has a terrible left, but Kilrain is a hard hitter with his right, besides being a more skillful fighter. Jake will beat Smith sure. This is great, good news to me, and I am awfully glad that the match has been made."

In some further conversation Mitchell gave it as his opinion that Smith could beat Sullivan, but that he could not beat Kilrain. At the Seventh Avenue Hotel Billy Madden was found. When told that Kilrain's challenge had been accepted he jumped from his seat and almost let out a genuine war-whoop. It was largely due to Madden's managerial shrewdness that Sullivan first saw fame, and now he has the credit of engineering this great match, as it was largely through his suggestions to Richard K. Fox that that gentleman concluded to back Kilrain against Smith.

"You see," said Madden, "that there is nothing in having or claiming the title of championship without a fight. There is no credit in it, and I have been doing my best to get on a match for Jake. You know how we have had money up to fight any one in America, and that the challenge was not accepted. Now I am glad that none of them did accept it. For Jake will go over there and lick Smith, and that will be something Sullivan will not do. Kilrain was willing to fight any of them, and this shows that he really means business. Something of this kind was needed to stir up interest in pugilism, and now we will once see a genuine contest on the turf."

"You seem confident of Kilrain's success?"

"Indeed I am confident. I think he can whip any pugilist in the world to-day, and he will conquer Smith sure. Jake is a good general and an intelligent fighter. He will be much better in six months than he is to-day, too. Well, this means that we take a trip to Europe." Madden showed a letter from Mr. Fox, in which the latter stated that he had issued the challenge to Smith as suggested.

## SPORTING NOTES.

## Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

C. C. Williams, of Missouri Valley, writes to the *Police Gazette* that he is prepared to arrange a pigeon shooting match with C. W. Budd, for the championship of Iowa.

On July 2 the Manhattan Cricket Club team played a match with the Riverside club of New York, at Prospect Park, and defeated them by the score of 94 to 49 in a one-inning game.

On July 2 the Kings County Cricket Club was beaten by the Claremont Cricket Club of New Jersey, after a very close and exciting game, by 9 runs. Score—Kings County, 52; Claremont, 61.

At Peekskill, N. Y., recently there was a half mile foot race between the following contestants: A. J. Young, of Kingston; C. A. Gleason, of Co. H, 12th Regiment; H. More, of Peekskill; J. C. Brady, of 12th Regiment, Co. D; W. J. Lennon, of Co. H, 12th Regiment. Lennon won, with Gleason a close second. Time for winner, 27 4-5 seconds.

Duncan C. Ross, the broadsword champion, defeated Sergeant Ross in a broadsword contest at Scranton on the fourth of July. Over 5,000 persons were present and the contest was pronounced to be the most exciting ever witnessed. Duncan C. Ross is to appear at Erastina, Staten Island, on July 11, where he will meet all comers for a purse of \$1,000 offered by Adam Forepaugh.

The mounted broadsword contest at the Polo

Grounds July 4, was a dismal failure. Duncan C. Ross did not appear and he was billed without his permission. Capt. James Daly appeared against an opponent who was given a foreign name, but who turned out to be a well known Bowery character who did not know how to ride a horse let alone carry out the programme as a broadsword expert.

The Mudhook regatta was sailed on the Clyde, Scotland, on June 29, comprising a match race for a stake of \$250 between the Thistle and the Irex. There was scarcely any wind until near the finish of the first round, when the commodore stopped the race and awarded the victory to the Thistle, which was then 16 minutes 15 seconds ahead of her competitor. It is understood that the American schooner *Fortuna* will compete with the Thistle and Irex in the Largs regatta, and will challenge the Irex for the Brenton's Reef cup.

Jimmy Carney sailed for England from Boston on June 31 on the *Pavonia*. Among those crowding around to bid him good-bye were seen Patsy Sheppard, Joseph Dowling, William C. Cameron, Sid France, Tom Pettitt, William Walk, Geo. Maffitt, Ike McKenzie, Alf Flack, John Graham, Bob Allen, Pat Trumble and a number of others, and many bottles were "cracked" in wishing Carney good luck. Of course there were the usual number of floral gifts, among them being a handsome bouquet from Patsy Sheppard, one from John Graham, of Harvard, and a basket of beautiful flowers from Bob Allen, George Maffitt and Stanley Francis. The entire party accompanied Carney as far as Boston light, whence they returned on the tug to Boston.

Bicycile records in England are being smashed up on all hands. Howell, at Coventry, and Mills, on the road, have put away eternal bidding a couple of boasted achievements. The Coventry track was in fine order for Howell and with Batesby acting as his pacemaker, he made his first quarter in 40 seconds, and the half mile in 1 minute 18 1-5 seconds. Birt then made the pace, and three-quarters of a mile was accomplished in 1 minute 56 1-2 seconds, and the full mile in 2 minutes 35 1-5 seconds, thus beating his best English three-quarter time (1 minute 55 4-5 seconds), and Lee's best previous time of 2 minutes 32 seconds. Carter, of the New York Athletic Club, was nowhere.

High jump—Rawdon, of Teignmouth, the present champion, and Page, of the New York Athletic Club, tied at 6 feet. Both failed at 6 feet 1 inch. Fogg, of Nashville, failed at 6 feet 8 inches. One mile flat race—Cross, of Oxford, first; time, 4 minutes 25 seconds. Carter, of the New York Athletic Club, was nowhere.

High jump—Rawdon, of Teignmouth, the present champion, and Page, of the New York Athletic Club, tied at 6 feet. Both failed at 6 feet 1 inch. Fogg, of Nashville, failed at 6 feet 8 inches.

The 4-mile flat race was won by Carter by 80 yards in a canter. Time, 21:10.

The following explains itself:

PHILADELPHIA, July 1.

To the Sporting Editor:

Dennis F. Butler is continually advertising himself before the American public as champion swimmer of America without any ability or money to support that title—not even a backer can be found. I have at least three men whom I will back for any amount to swim a long distance from five miles to twenty, and he has acknowledged before several people that he is frightened of losing what little reputation he has by swimming Dunkie one mile. So if this would-be swimmer will forward you a forfeit of \$50 or \$100, I will instantly telegraph to a friend of mine to cover it. Dunks to swim him one mile to five; or I will match Dunks against the man Robinson, who beat this self-styled champion Butler. Trusting he will put up or shut up, I remain, dear sir,

Yours truly,  
JOHN BRADY,  
Dunks' backer.

Five thousand people went to the Caledonian Park in Jersey City on July 4 to see the annual Fourth of July games of the Hudson County Caledonian Club. The winners were as follows: Putting light stone, J. Hamilton, 32 feet 5 inches. Throwing light hammer, John Graham, 92 1/2 inches. Running long jump, W. Gurthrie, 16 feet. Quarter-mile run, Stewart Chapman, 56 1/2 seconds. Putting heavy stone, George Ross, 37 feet 5 1/2 inches. Running hop, step and jump, Thomas Aitkin, 44 feet 7 inches. Throwing heavy hammer, J. McDougal, 42 feet. One-mile run, Michael F. Cochran, 5 minutes 3 1/2 seconds. Hitch and kick, George Slater, 9 feet. Tossing the caber, George Ross, 9 feet 1/2 inches. Boys' race, John Alexander. Vaulting the pole, Thomas Aitkin, 10 minutes 16 seconds. Highland fling, William Cameron. Half-mile run, B. Bennett, 2 minutes 10 seconds. Running high jump, P. Cummings, 6 feet 7 inches. Sword dance, J. West. Hurdle race, A. McLean and T.

## THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions on Matters of Sport-  
ing Interest.

Tremont, the unconquered race horse and winner of just thirteen (the unlucky) races and \$40,920, has broken down, and the turf has lost one of its kings.

Tremont has gone, like many of his great predecessors, into the vast gulf of the buried past, and with him many cares, anxieties, hopes and fears which one month since filled the minds and bosoms of his owners.

These are all gone like the bloom of the summer, and the variegated foliage of the autumn. Some fruit remains, but how little when compared with the heaps of withered leaves. Such, indeed, is too often an epitome of our turf lives, of which at the termination nothing is left but withered leaves. Still it is frequently the same disappointing outcome which lies at the end of other pathways assumed by many to lead to more profitable results.

How often do we find in the more settled pursuits of trade, or even in the more ambitious ways of the learned professions, that dead leaves only remain within our grasp when the springtime of hope has passed away.

On the turf, when the little barque goes gaily before the wind, the motion is delightful, the excitement sublime, and if there be dangers in the way-breakers ahead-these should have no terror for the brave heart, and none other should venture on that stormy course.

Tremont's record and winnings, as compiled by Kirk, the turf historian, is as follows:

Jerome Park, Juvenile	1/4	\$2,400
Sheephead Bay, Fall	1/4	2,275
Sheephead Bay, Fall	2/4	2,325
Sheephead Bay, Zephyr	1/4	2,075
Sheephead Bay, Paddock	1/4	2,325
Sheephead Bay, Spring	1/4	2,185
Sheephead Bay, June	1/4	2,135
Sheephead Bay, Great Post	1/4	2,100
Sheephead Bay, Great Post	2/4	2,100
Monmouth, Atlantic	1/4	2,465
Monmouth, Tyro	1/4	4,910
Monmouth, Junior Champion	1/4	8,800
Total		\$39,135

"There appears to be a good deal of money in horse racing" we said to an owner recently.

"Yes, when a man is lucky he may make a great deal of money, and if he is cold-blooded and clear-headed he may keep it for some time, but in the end he is much more likely to go broke."

"Then you do not think the chances of making money increase with experience?"

"They ought, but they do not often. You see when a man is lucky and starts out with a number of first-class young horses which are unknown he wins a great deal for very little money risked. The betting is at long odds against his horses and there is less effort to beat them because less inducement. But the victories of his horses soon establish their reputations and they become favorites. If he is to back them he has to give the odds."

"A horse no sooner becomes a favorite than every effort is made to down him and his races are all hard ones. Of course he cannot always win and sooner or later he will be beaten. If his owner is backing him for all he is worth he will then be certain to lose heavily. Thus the owner of a lot of good horses which have done their best running in, unless he is a very cold-blooded, clear-headed man, in a worse position than if he was horseless."

"But he is not compelled to back his horses when they are in danger of losing."

"No, certainly not, if it were not that most men are afflicted with a belief that anything that is theirs is just a trifle better than anybody else's. Of course all men are not that way. The Dwyer Brothers, for instance, who are without question the best horsemen in America, seldom make the mistake of backing their horses too long, and are very ready to back the winner in a race even against their own. Ed. Corrigan is not always a loser when his horses are beaten. Neither is he always a winner."

"How can he know when his horses are to win?"

"He cannot always tell when they are to win, but it is not always difficult to tell when they will lose. The owner of horses, who follows the business for the money there is in it, can easily arrange to lose in spite of any precautions that the judges may take."

"How is this done?"

"Well, supposing that one of my horses is to start in a race. He is selling favorite at long odds. I do not feel so certain that he can win that I would like to put up my money on him, nor so certain of his defeat that I would feel like betting against him. I do not have to go to my rider and tell him to pull the horse. All I need do is say 'Jim, this horse has been doing a great deal of hard work lately and you needn't kill him in that race to-morrow.' I pay Jim a big salary and he knows what is wanted of him. I have probably told him in a burst of confidence, when hiring him, that I was running race horses to make money and given him to understand that he was to make pretty good guesses as to whether I wanted to win or not. Well, supposing my horse loses the race and that there is a kick. Some body charges that he has been pulled."

"An investigation follows. Jim is put on the stand, and he swears that I never told him to pull the race, and that my instructions had been that he was to win the race if he could. There are a number of witnesses, too, who heard me give Jim these instructions. There is no trouble in having such witnesses, as there are always some sly fellows around trying to hear what I tell Jim. Of course the investigation comes to nothing. The horse is allowed to have been not himself or out of condition, and nobody is any the wiser, but I may be somewhat the richer."

"I should suppose that you would be certain to gain by it?"

"Oh, no; there is nothing certain in horse racing. I may instruct my betting man to buy the horse that I believe certain to win and this horse may lose. His owner may be playing a game similar to mine with the expectation that mine or some other one will come under the wire first."

"Would it not pay the owner of good horses to bet against their own horses right along on this plan?"

"No; if it were suspected, the other horses could be made to win."

"But if the owners of all the best horses combined could they not throw the race to whichever one they liked with absolute certainty?"

"No; that would be too large a job to work with safety. The men of this kind are so greedy that a rush would be made by them to secure pools on the horse designated as winner, which would give the snap away. Or otherwise somebody might find it more profitable to disregard the compact and to win the race. No, as a rule, horsemen are too suspicious of each other for much combination. Of course we exchange confidence among ourselves to the extent of at least giving our opinion of our horses. This is generally enough, and there is usually a pretty fair understanding, excepting where there is a great favorite to be downed. Then there is an understanding, but it is not that the favorite is to be beaten if possible."

"But would it not pay the owner of the favorite horse to run him for the stakes and purse, and let the pool box alone?"

"Perhaps so, but if he was possessed of so much caution he would probably stay out of the business altogether."

"But he would be money ahead if he did so."

"Oh, no, he could not afford to keep the horses at all. They would go to pieces in time, and would be a dead loss. He also, if he has a good stable, as he would be likely to, a large number of horses which are a dead loss to him, both in stakes and in hauling around with him."

"Now betting is allowed on the race tracks and owners have a chance of wagering on their thoroughbreds, there is double the interest manifested in racing."

"It is charged that pool selling at races is gambling. This is absurd. Walking for a cake or writing an essay for a prize book are open to a similar charge. In fact there can be no interest in any sport when no prize is to be awarded on the result; and whether it was a laurel wreath at the Olympian games of ancient Greece, or whether it is a pair of gloves between a society belle and her beau, on Maud S. breaking the record, there must be something at stake in order to arouse interest in the field against the favorite."

"The purse for the winning trotter or steeple chaser makes the race interesting to the owners of the competing horses, but perhaps three-fourths of the spectators, without regard to their position in society, desire to venture something on the result, if only a cigar, a four-bit piece or the price of taking the field against the favorite."

"The expression of this natural desire may be an evil or it may be a harmless pastime, according to circumstances, as shooting at a pigeon or a glass ball represent amusement, while pointing a pistol at a person, even though the piece be not loaded, is a crime. Pool selling at races, like many other amusements, is not in itself an evil, but no doubt it may be abused. So may eating and drinking be abused, yet both are not only necessary, but, when properly regulated, delightful as well as beneficial. This is not to recommend any person to buy pools, but only to remind some that justice should be done even to the followers of the racing stud."

"The secret of the bookmaker's success is exposed in Froster's 'Chance and Luck.' The horse-racing bookmakers always have the best of the betting. Nothing need be said about their special sources of information or anything of that kind; their security lies in the fact that they lay the odds, and that in no single instance does the man who accepts a bookmaker's bet obtain anything like just odds. The odds are always a point or two short of what is legitimate."

"The bookmaker lays his wagers so as to make sure of gaining money whatever horse wins. How does he manage it?"

"Easy enough. Suppose there are three horses in a race with equal chances of success; then the odds should be 2 to 1 against each, but the bookmaker gets even bets, and if all of these bets are of the same amount then, inasmuch as only one horse can win, he can lose only one bet and wins two, so that he has one bet for clear gain."

"If the horses were A, B and C, and \$1,000 was bet against each, the better would clear \$1,000 no matter who won. If he had laid the true odds—\$1,000 to \$500—against each horse, he would neither have gained nor lost."

"In the case of horses with unequal chances—A, with odds of 2 to 2 against him; B, odds of 2 to 1, C, 4 to 1, and D, 14 to 1—he would arrange his bets so as to have the amount pending on every horse. If the odds are fair in this case, neither the layer of the odds nor the taker can gain or lose. The legitimate odds would be \$9 to \$6, \$10 to \$5, \$12 to \$3, and \$14 to \$6."

"But when unfair odds are laid, and the amounts pending on each horse are equal, then the bookmaker wins. Say he wagers \$4 to \$8 against A, \$9 to \$5 against B, \$11 to \$3 against C, and \$12 to \$1 against D; whichever wins he gains \$1. It should be noted that when odds are reduced to fractional chances as against unity, the sum of the fractions should be unity, or very near it; if the sum is greater than unity, it has been made so for the special benefit of the bookmaker."

"Not knowing, I am not in a position to say what chance Edward Trickett may hold against Beach, but am not inclined to accept the fact that the two are matched as evidence of the first Australian champion of England being at this date a formidable rival to his successor."

"Trickett is, I am afraid, like a good many of us—not so youthful as he was a few years ago, nor likely to grow younger with increasing age."

"Beach, too, is by no means a chicken; but his period of racing commenced after the other had apparently passed his best. If Trickett seriously believes that he has a chance I shall be pleased, because then I can read between the lines that life in Queensland has suited the well-deserving veteran better than the old one in Sydney. Trickett was in many ways very unfortunate in his former racing career. I say former, because he appears about to start de novo, and with an altogether anti-decent commencement—viz., at the top of the tree. If ever the true history of his English matches and mental trials, the wire-pulling in which he was concerned, and of which he was the victim, is written, we shall be startled at the curious way in which boat-racing history has been made. Seldom if ever has a champion experienced within so short a temporal space such fervent admiration and cruel contempt as fell to the Sydney sculler's lot."

"With due remembrance of the Beach furor, I must say that Trickett, after winning the championship, was as popular with his countrymen as any New South Welsh idol can be. One reverse was sufficient to shatter the idol, and its effect on the public about enough to break a man's heart. We saw Trickett on the Thames little better than a gloomy misanthrope after his first defeat by Hanlan."

"I wonder how much of his doubtful health was due to wintering and training in our sombre, cold climate, and what proportion to brooding over loss of popularity. It cannot be very pleasant to reflect that after being a demigod in a not small way are deposited and excreted on the strength or weakness of one defeat."

"There is a marked difference between being receptioned, picnicked, testimonialized, and all the rest because you win, and having your windows smashed when you could not help losing. How differently various constitutions deal with defeat."

"Trickett, as I have said, dropped and dropped, fight as he would against reverse. His conqueror, Hanlan, has made defeat at once stock-in-trade and a sort of diploma of excellence. I do not want to bring in Hanlan here, but, as I have done so, would ask whether the great engineer has any hand in the Trickett-Beach affair?"

"One would hardly guess that possible; but I fancy that I can see where there is plenty of money to be made for him through it. Suppose that Trickett were to be not too badly beaten by Beach, and that the latter also defeated Hanlan—supposing that these two do meet again, that is. Suppose, further, that Trickett were to come forward and say to E. H. 'You licked me on the Thames when I was out of health; now I am all right again, and want to see who is the best man.' Collect all these suppositions. Would not there be much capital and interest in such a race? I should not be a bit surprised if that is the road on which Trickett has, or is said to have, taken the first step."

"Miss Annie Oakley, the female rifle shot, is still creating a furor in London. On June 12 she gave an exhibition at the London Gun Club Grounds, and she must be a drawing card, for *The Sportman* says the attendance was the largest ever seen, and included many ladies. Miss Oakley shot at twenty-five pigeons, standing at twenty-three yards rise, and out of this number she brought down eighteen in capital style. Her performance was greatly applauded, and Lord Stormont, on behalf of the club, presented the lady with a gold medal valued at \$50 to commemorate her visit to the gun club."

## LIGHTS OF THE PAST.

## A Newsy Column Concerning Jem Ward, Noted English Pugilist.

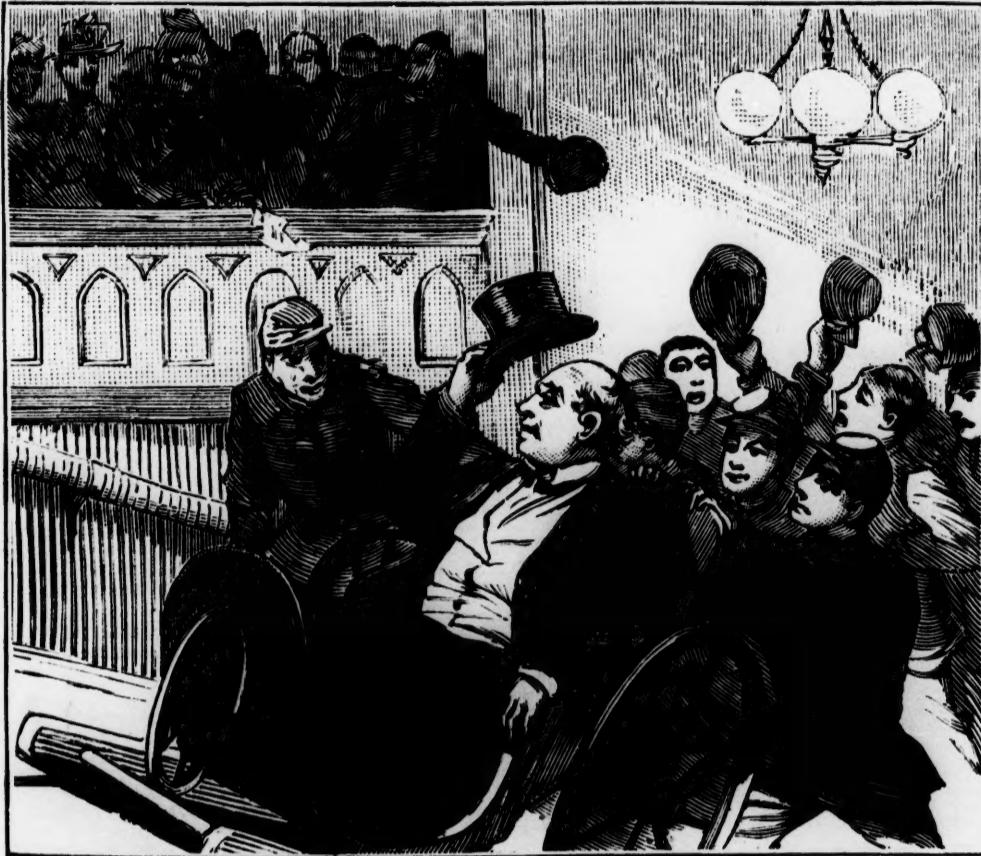
Regarding Jem Ward, the great pugilist, a correspondent writes: "I knew Ward a great many years ago, when he used to visit Tom Spring, and when I was a youngster in London, and often saw him spar. From accidental circumstances I came across him again some five years since, at his own benefit, in Shoreditch, and have seen a good deal of him off and on; in fact, I was with him only three weeks before his death, and he was laughing and talking in excellent spirits, and it seemed impossible to think that he was the man who received the champion's belt in 1825, and a second belt, the original champion's belt held by Cribb and Spring, from Tom Spring on his retirement in 1821. I am not going to record all his fights, as I am not reporter for the P. R., and they can be found in the books which contain the history of the past warriors, but it may interest your readers to have a slight sketch of a veteran prize fighter, who was really one of nature's gentlemen, just as his predecessor in the championship, Tom Spring, was."

"Ward's father and mother were both Irish, the former being a balaust-heaver in London, and celebrated for his immense strength. The father must have been above the average class of dock laborers, as he sent his boy to school at Shadwell—in the days when the working classes did not think much about book learning—until he was twelve years old, soon after which he was bound apprentice to a collar trading to Sunderland, and eventually became a coal-heaver, from which he got the name of the 'Black Diamond.' He was notorious as a runner, wrestler, cricketer, and good at all many sports, in the days when noblemen and gentlemen—of the class so admirably described by poor Thackeray—made the prize ring an acknowledged English sport, which was patronized by royalty and the first people of the land—in fact, when the allied sovereigns were in England in 1814 or 1815—I forget which—the Duke of Wellington took the Emperor of Russia to a fight, and Tom Oliver got up a bulldog afterward. Young Jem Ward had a perfect passion for boxing. And it certainly never left him, up to the time when he was between forty and fifty, at any grand benefit, an announcement of Tom Spring and Jem Ward would wind up the amusements of the evening would pack any public building in London, for their performance would not be the wild slugging of to-day, but a masterpiece of science."

"And let it be here recorded that when Ward was in prosperity in after life—for he had a real good tavern at Liverpool from 1832 to 1840, where he was supported by the elite of the neighborhood—he was always ready to come to London, at his own expense, to put on the gloves with Tom Spring for any case of charity, as he knew the exhibition would insure a good house. And the old fire certainly had not departed when I last saw him, three weeks before his death, as he described with great animation the cause of his losing his fight with Peter Crawley, through treating him too lightly, and he put up his hands as quickly as any young man could, and showed me the blow which he ought to have guarded, and the mistake he made which lost him the fight practically, as he said he felt done for when he received it, and could only make a show for a few rounds. He talked of his fights just as a man does of a good cricket match, or a run with the hounds, or a good day's shooting years ago; and there is no doubt but that to him boxing and fighting were amusements of entrancing interest, for he was a man who knew not the meaning of the word 'quarreling' and was one of the utmost good humor, and in talking of his fights he described all his defeats most honestly. It was at this last interview that he again repeated to me the story of his crossing the fight with Abbott in 1822, which he fully admitted in a small pamphlet reproduced a few years since. He had appeared at the Five Courts in January of that year as 'the Black Diamond,' and so good was his performance that he 'got on a match' against Acton, whom he easily defeated, and shortly afterward against a man by the name of Burke, of Woolwich, and then he was backed against Abbott, who had beaten Tom Oliver, a rare good man who had fought some of the best men of the day. Jem Ward's words, as nearly as I can remember, to me were, 'What was I to do? Just as I was going to begin, my backer, who found all the money, said to me, "Jem, you must lose this fight or I shall be ruined." I told him I didn't see how I could, and his answer was, "By— you must." The upshot of it was, I believe, that Ward was obliged to sham ill, but the cross was so clear that the stakes were not paid over, and poor Jem was in the black books with the P. C., and was denied the use of the P. C. ropes and stakes. It was very hard lines, as he never received a single shilling, and was perfectly innocent of any intention of selling when he entered the ring, but his called friends made him do it. So I think now the story of the 'cross' may be buried with the old gladiator, and I can quote another authority, that of a grand sportsman, whose death we deplore to day, the Hon. Robert Grimston, who told me Jem Ward went wrong once, but it was a lesson for life. The late Mr. Grimston, as a young man, was Ward's favorite pupil, and let me hero record that directly Mr. Grimston heard of Jem Ward's serious illness some time ago, he sent him, through me, a hand-some donation, and in the winter brought me some game for him. He never turned his back on a good man in any kind of manly sport, past or present. Tom Cribb and some of the best men stood his friends, for they knew that he had fallen into bad hands, and was only a young one, and after defeating 'White-headed Bob' early in 1822, he was allowed to appear at the Fives Court, and to put on the gloves with Tom Spring, then champion of England, and in the zenith of his fame."

"This he described to me also at my last interview, as nearly as possible thus: 'I knew I had all my work to do, but I fancied that I had a trick which no one was up to, and as I knew Spring never hit hard, but tapped more, I risked taking one and giving three, so I gave him my head like, and stepped back quick and drew him a trifles off his balance, and put in two, right and left, and gave him a body blow. And when we had done, and I was taking off the gloves, Tom, who was never jealous, gave me a pat on the shoulder and said: "Well done, young 'un, I did not know that last move." And,' added old Jem Ward, 'I just was proud, and we were always good friends after that; and years afterward, when we sparred many and many a time, Tom always said, putting on the gloves: "Now, Master Jem, none of your tricks with that one, two, three of yours to-night." It always had been supposed by the old fogys of the present day, who frequented benefits and prize fights, that no finer set to could be seen than between these two, for Ward was one of the quickest men ever seen, and Spring was one of the most patient and scientific, and they were both very fond of the art, and were not ruffians in any way. The general opinion was that Ward had the best of it with the gloves, but Spring would have beat in a fight.'

"The fight he was proudest of was with Tom Cannon, who had beaten Josh Hudson, 'the John Bull Fighter,' for \$500 a side and the championship of England, in 1825. For this he received the largest reward he ever had—\$200. He defeated him in ten rounds and received a champion belt, specially made for him, at the Fives Court, and after Ward's defeat of Simon Byrne, and six years afterward, Tom Spring, who announced his final retirement from the ring, girl round him the original champion of England belt, which he had himself received from Tom Cribb on his retirement.



THEY THOUGHT A GOOD DEAL OF HIM.

PHILANTHROPIST JOHN BUCHTEL OF AKRON, O., IS CARRIED TO THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF HIS COLLEGE BY A LOT OF ENTHUSIASTIC STUDENTS.



MOST LIKELY A HOAX.

THE PEOPLE AND POLICE OF ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., ARE DISTURBED BY SEEING A WOMAN THROW A BABY INTO THE BOILING SURF.



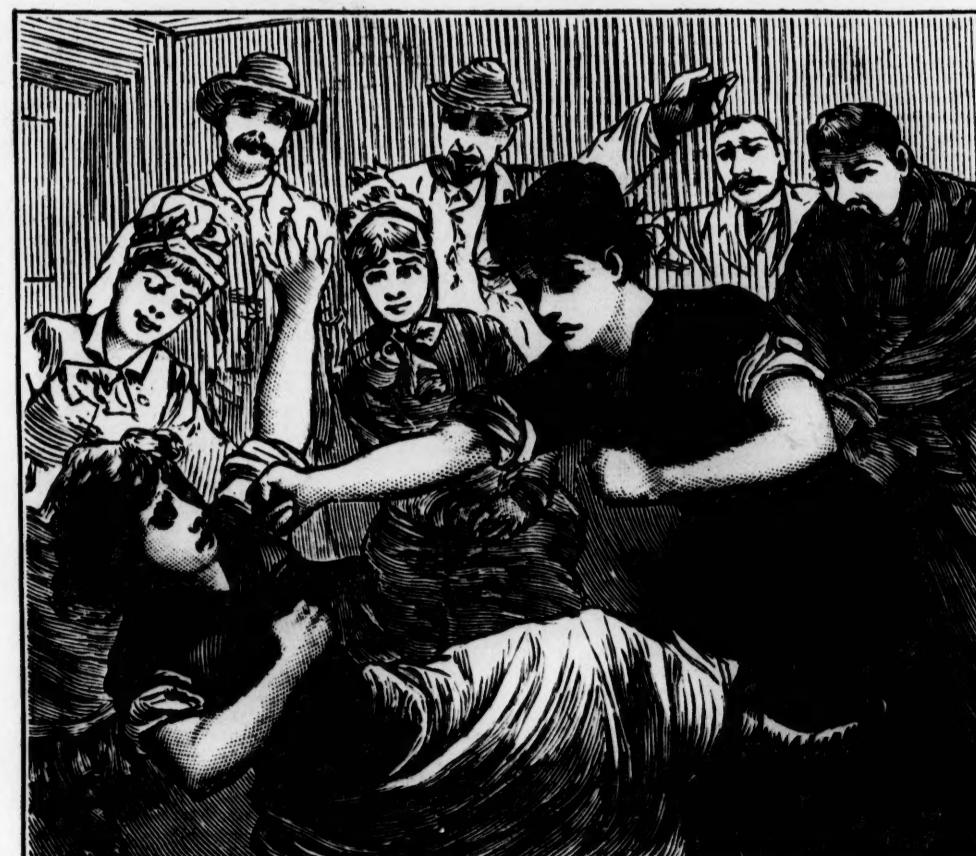
SHE DID IT HERSELF.

ANNIE KOLKHORST, A SERVANT GIRL, ON GAMBLE STREET, ST. LOUIS, GETS UP A COCK-AND-BULL STORY OF OUTRAGE AND ASSAULT.



RACED FOR REVENGE.

A SENSATIONAL SCENE AT THE MINNESOTA TRANSFER AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., IN WHICH A MAN IN A HACK AND A COUPLE IN A BUGGY FIGURED.



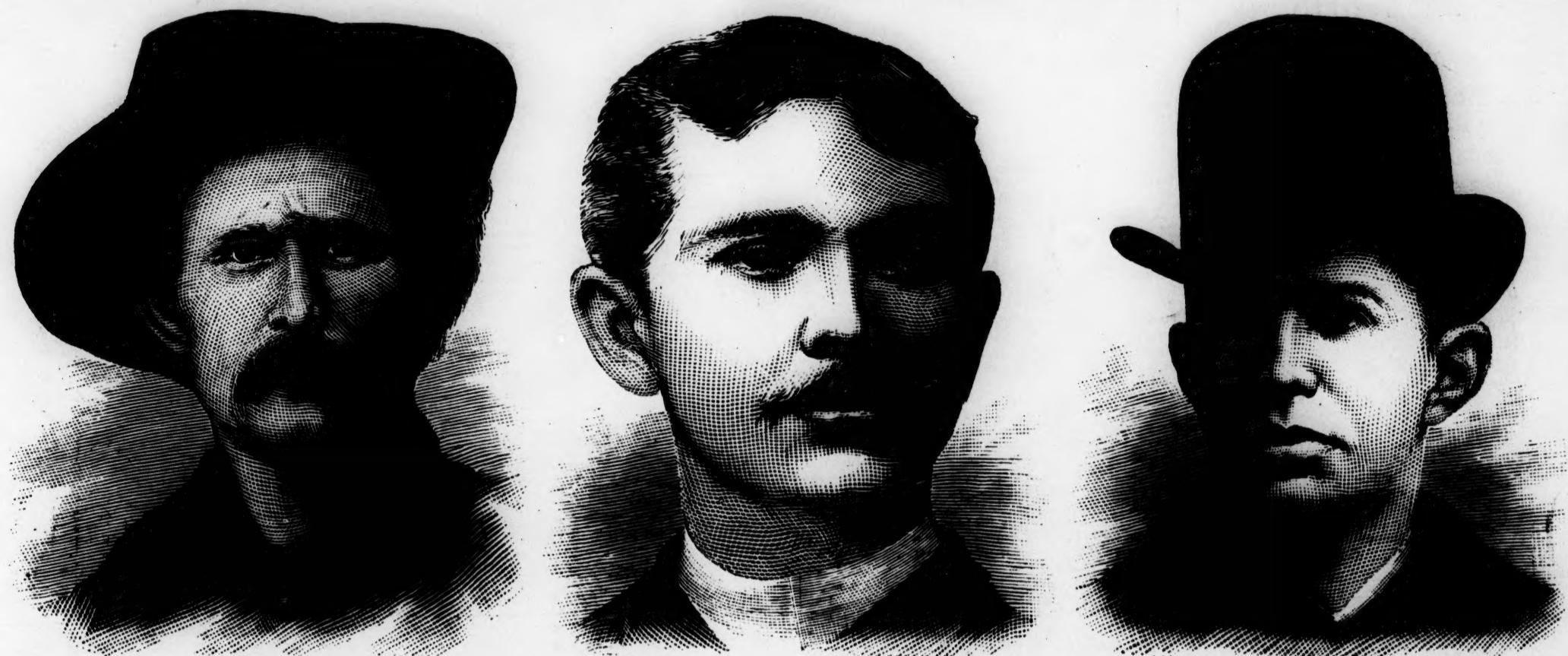
WEIDMAN WINS!

TWO FURIOUS FEMALES FIGHT FOUR TERRIFIC BARE KNUCKLE ROUNDS IN A PITTSBURGH, PA., SALOON.



DID HE SHOOT HER?

MISS BESSIE ALDRICH, AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD BELLE OF INDIANAPOLIS, IND., DIES OF A MYSTERIOUS PISTOL SHOT.



JOHN POTTER,

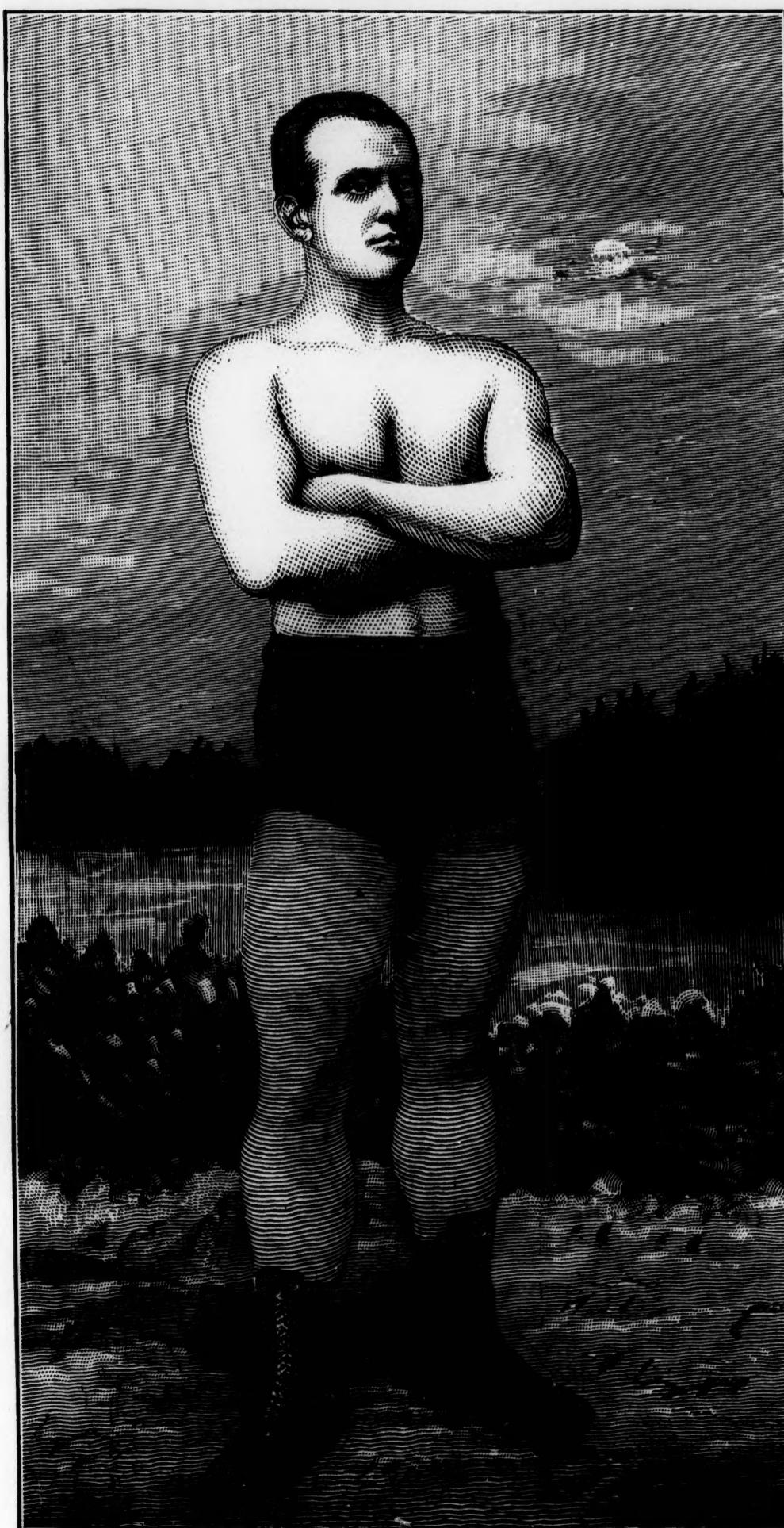
THE WONDERFUL CRACK SHOT OF SENAY, MICH.

O. S. RAWLS,

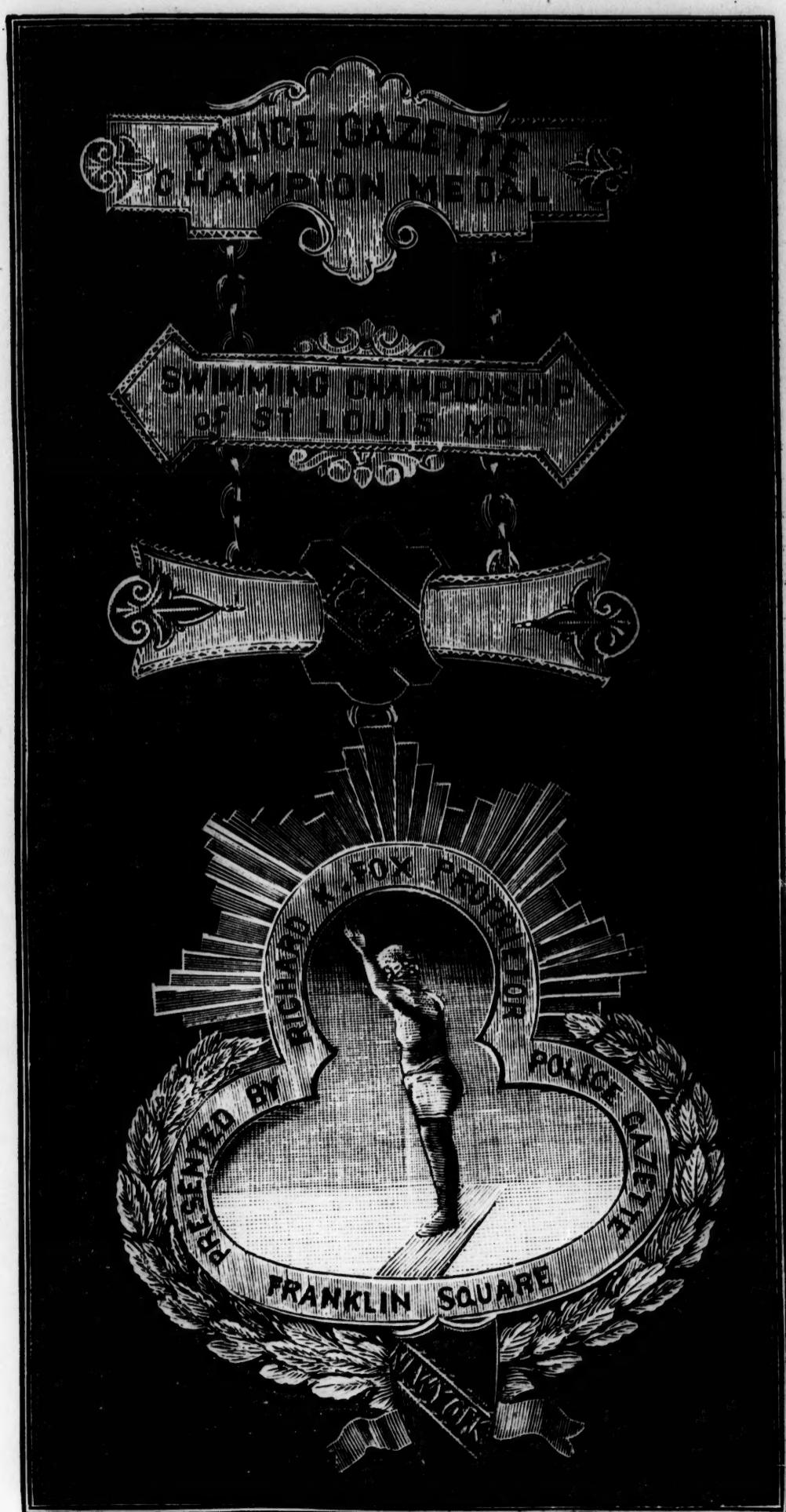
A FAMOUS PEDESTRIAN OF NATCHEZ, MISS.

JOSEPH MORSLER,

A FAMOUS POOL PLAYER OF CHICAGO, ILL.



WILLIAM ADAMS,

THE CLEVER AND POPULAR DETECTIVE SERGEANT OF THIS CITY WHO CAN DOWN  
THE BEST OF THEM IN ATHLETIC SPORT.

A SPLENDID TROPHY,

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" MEDAL REPRESENTING THE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP OF MISSOURI.

## BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green Diamond of America's National Game.



James E. Peoples.

James E. Peoples, or rather Jimmy Peoples, as he is more familiarly known, is a Cincinnati by birth. He is a most excellent catcher, a fine thrower, free batter and a good base runner. For two seasons prior to his engagement by the Brooklyn club he caught for the Cincinnati. The Brooklyn secured him during the season of 1885 and he has remained with them ever since, doing most excellent service behind the bat. He is a great favorite with the Brooklyn public, and they generally feel pretty confident with him behind the bat.

**Shaw is the easiest man in the business to rattle.**  
Valentine has lost caste with the New York public.

Welch seems to be the black sheep of Von der Ahe's flock.

Lack of heart spoils many ball players from being phenomenals.

Ed. did not "lay" long in the Northwestern League as an umpire.

The Detroit are bent on making it pleasant for Grace Pearce.

New York got the cream of California when they collared Brown.

The sooner they dispense with rowdy coaching the better it will be for baseball.

"Wan't supported," is the way Ramsey lets him self down when he gets hit hard.

Van Haltren has not accomplished anything of a startling nature since his arrival in Chicago.

John Kelly is now of the opinion that the base ball managers do not always recline on a bed of roses.

They say Mutrie grinned from ear to ear, June 25, when the New Yorks sewed the Detroit up to a.

The Pittsburg club has not only been a disappointment to the proprietors, but to the public in general.

A few more "finds" like Brown and Tiernan, and the New Yorks will outstrip them all on young blood.

Stemmyer has lost his heart, but the Boston management do not doubt make an effort to find it for him.

Swartwood told Curry that he was rotten. Curry didn't know it before, but charged \$25 for the information.

The Detroiters call the New Yorks the "Joints." They will have more respect for them before the close of the season.

The great trouble with Ramsey is that bend in his elbow, which at times annoys him so much that he can't walk straight.

The International League are showing good common sense by taking steps to do away with this hoodlum style of coaching.

If Dunlap keeps on shooting off his mouth about Grace Pearce, he will have Grace's fist to swallow some of these fine days.

The Inter-State Commerce bill didn't bother Stemmyer half so much as the cool hundred he had to give up for his French leave.

Mountjoy, of the Birminghams, is taking a little turn at the sulphur springs, in Georgia. If you will dance you will have to pay the fiddler.

Valentine was evidently trying to make himself solid with the Detroit people, when he decided that forfeit game against the New Yorks.

Larry Corcoran has no one to blame but himself for the position he is in at present, as playing ball and swilling beer and whiskey don't go together.

The little jackasses have commenced again in St. Louis, and there are a dozen or so of junior clubs called after each one of Von der Ahe's hoodlums.

The Pittsburghs have discovered that there is as much difference between playing in the League and playing in the Association, as day is from night.

There is nothing like rubbing it in. After being disgracefully robbed of a game in Detroit, the Michiganards are making a kick to have the New Yorkers fined \$300.

There is nothing mean about the Detroits, as they are not altogether satisfied with that forfeit game, but insist that the League demand a fine of \$300 from the New Yorks.

The Boston management imagined they had a chump to deal with when they struck Mutrie, but it didn't take them long to discover that he was Yankee enough for any of them.

Mike Kelly has been working diligently ever since his reception in Chicago to try and get his head down to its original size, the swelling in it being of marvelous magnitude.

The majority of ball players throughout the country have taken a big drop on themselves this season, and out of respect for their salaries have placed a boycott on the rum shops.

It is not buying the rum that costs the most, says Deasby, but it is the drinking of it. He got more than he wanted in Boston for one dollar, but it cost him two hundred to drink it.

There is to be a grand jubilee in Milwaukee the first time Maskrey makes a base hit. He made one in the early spring, and the whole city turned out in a torchlight procession.

If the daily papers only shout a little more about Lip Pike wanting to play ball with the Brooklyn club, the chances are that the proprietors of that club will get wind of it.

Watkins was trying the freezing process on Getzein, but the pressure of public opinion crushed this freezing appa-

tus, and showed Manager Watkins up in rather an unenviable light.

**This loud-mouthed coaching is simply disgraceful and it should not be tolerated.** It is not ball playing and only makes our national game have a rowdy and degrading appearance.

Rollins' little racket cost him \$25 and resulted in his being suspended indefinitely. Painting the town is not always the most remunerative luxury a ball player can indulge in.

The "only" Kelly is not far off when he names the Chicagoans as the pennant winners. The only possible chance of his lying about it is the New Yorks getting there ahead of the Chicagoans.

The French boy, Flanagan, of the Salem club, was recently presented with a diamond pin, a cane and an umbrella when he struck Lowell, for his fine command of the English language.

The trouble with the Baltimore club is that they try to imitate the St. Louis Browns, and make a dismal failure. Instead of coaching they simply succeed in making rowdies and blackguards of themselves.

**There is a quiet, underhand kick being made against Wheeler C. Wikoff.** There is more of this sort of wire-pulling going on in the American Association than all the other organizations put together.

**There is lots of fun in getting drunk, but when it comes to giving up \$100 to your manager for the privilege, it is not quite so funny.** Kirby has had a little experience in this line and knows all about it.

**They must be awfully thick-headed in Rochester** not to be able to discover that it was wrong to sell pools on baseball games until a young kid taught them a lesson by getting away with his employer's boodle.

**When it came to the umpire betting on the result of the game,** the International League thought it was time to dispense with his services, as the temptation would be entirely too great even for an honest man.

**From present indications California will be flooded** next winter with Eastern clubs and Eastern ball players. It is to be hoped that it will not be a hard winter on the plains, and that the walking will be good.

**Cleveland is strengthening up, regardless of expense,** but it is simply a waste of money, as it is a dollar to a nickel that they will not get higher than eighth place, which position they could hold just as well with an amateur team as the one they have got.

**The Northwestern League is by no means a bonanza** for an umpire, as they have made more changes out there this season than one can shake a stick at. No umpire stays there long, which accounts for their churning around after the release from all the other organizations.

**It is claimed that Comisky is worth \$12,000 and owns a trotter.** We really don't know anything about what he is worth, nor can we vouch for the trotter, but there is one thing we do know, and that is that he has a mouth like a tunnel, and he doesn't hesitate to use it when he is on the ball field.

**The Cleveland people are clear off their base.** They are flagging with their club's poor ball playing. It is the earth that they are after. Their nine is made up of the refuse of association and still they expect them to jump in and knock out all of the old clubs that have been in the field for years.

**There is a regular Tipperary shillalah on exhibition,** at Billy Renn's International Hotel bar, with a card bearing the inscription "Presented to a gallant Irishman, Mr. James Mutrie, by a friend from home, 'Ould Tip,' Boston, June 18, 1887." We always thought Mutrie was a down-east Yankee, but it seems he is from the old country.

**Says the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat":** "Rumor has it that O. P. Caylor is in the South looking for phenomenons." Rumor is plumb off its base. O. P. Caylor is at St. George, Staten Island, and has not the slightest idea of going South. He has all the phenomenons he wants, and, in fact, it is something phenomenal when they win a game.

**That rock Bobby Caruthers carries in his pocket** has received more notoriety in the past two weeks than the rock of Gibraltar has in the past two thousand years. There is not a paper from Maine to Oregon that has not had a crack at that old chestnut. There are others that have carried twice as many stones and no one has ever thought of writing a line about them.

**We're it not for New York and Chicago,** Detroit would starve. Yet the short-sighted idiots at the head of the Detroit club, permitted Dunlap to make a fool of himself and bulldoze umpire Valentine into deciding that forfeit game against the New Yorks. For that action alone the New Yorks will never divide receipts another season with the Detroit management.

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access to the rooms whenever Gus is away. Last evening George called, and not finding the occupant in, proceeded to make himself comfortable. He read the file of *Evening Sun* until near bedtime, and finding a few cigars, went out for a stroll and a quiet smoke before retiring. Just as he arrived at the corner of Forty-first street and Broadway his cigar showed signs of activity, and as the reporter passed developed into a lively Roman candle much to the smoker's astonishment, who remarked between his coughing and sneezing: "Well! that's one on me, and I'll wager duets that I'll let Gus's cigars alone in the future." — *New York Evening Sun.* Rats. This loaded cigar was put off on John Mandigo, the baseball reporter of the *Sun*, last Sunday at Ridgewood Park, during the game between the Brooklyn and Athletic clubs. One of the reporters brought the cigar into the press stand and put it down with his score card and several papers. The veteran Chadwick, "father of baseball," tried to be funny. He stole the cigar and presented it to Mandigo. The tip was passed around and Umpire Ferguson and the whole of the Athletic club were present when the cigar went off. It was such a good joke that the *Sun* man has tried to work it off as above.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the famous "Rapid Remedy" for Consumption, found it a safe and permanent cure of Consumption. Bright, clear, arched, Asthma and all Threat and Long Affectation, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by W. A. NOYES, 148 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

**CURE FOR THE DEAF.**

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING. Perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

**ADVERTISING MERITS.**

The claims of newspapers as to circulation are seldom relied upon; the POLICE GAZETTE, therefore, prefers to allow its patrons to speak on its behalf. The POLICE GAZETTE is sold in every State and Territory in the Union, and is mailed to every established post office in the United States, is subscribed for by upward of two thousand newspapers, who rely upon its columns for sporting news. It also possesses a very large European patronage, being well known from Australia to the diamond fields of South Africa. With such a record of popularity, will it not pay every advertiser to give its columns a test trial?

Messrs. G. P. Rowell & Co., the advertising agents, of New York, in their eighteenth volume of the American Newspaper Directory, published in 1886, say that the circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE is A 1, which gives credit for an average of over One Hundred Thousand.

**READ WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY.**

PITTSFIELD, III.

Our advt. in your paper has paid us \$100 per cent.

We are well pleased with the GAZETTE as an advertising medium. Respectfully, T. H. SHASTI,

President Rapid Remedy Co.

SALEM, MASS.

We find the POLICE GAZETTE the best advertising medium we ever had, having paid us over \$100 per cent on money invested. We can truly say we receive 30 orders from POLICE GAZETTE to I from other papers that charged us \$2 a line.

Manuf'r's Agency, P. L. CALLAHAN.

THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.

No. 122 Nassau Street, New York.

Please continue our 12-line watch advertisement.

The price is high, but we are free to say it pays much better than the amount invested in most other mediums.

Send bill for amount due you at any time.

WORLD MFG. CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

I can say that your papers have proved to be an excellent advertising medium.

CLARENCE C. DE PUY.

OFFICE OF TRUE & CO., Publishers.

AUG





THE HELL HOLES OF THE HUB.

SOME OF THE PLACES FROM WHICH BOSTON LANDLORDS DERIVE THEIR INCOMES AND THE WAY THEY COLLECT THEM.